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THE FRONT PAGE

AS a crowd of gay people were enjoying themselves on the verandah of the Bayside Yacht Club, at Flushing, Long Island, on Saturday afternoon last, William E. Annis, a publisher, as he stepped out of a boat at the landing, was shot by Capt. Peter Conover Hains, jr., and died a short time later. With Annis was a friend, and when he and a number of horrified people who had rushed from the club house, sought to interfere, as one shot after another was fired into the body of the victim, Hains' brother, Thornton J. Hains produced a revolver and warned them back, saying that this little affair was strictly between the two men. The wife and children of the murdered man were on the club verandah and witnessed the killing of husband and father. Capt. Hains and his brother were arrested, and are awaiting trial. It is thought that they will plead justification on the ground that Annis had been improperly intimate with Capt. Hains' wife, divorce proceedings having been instituted by the Captain a few weeks ago. After the shooting Annis said in a weak voice: "Captain, you have made a horrible mistake." "I may have," replied Hains, "but I don't think so." Then Annis turned to the Swede boatman who was supporting his head and asked: "John, have they got any cowards like these in your country?" John, being a club employee, did not venture to reply, or at any rate his reply is not recorded in the press despatches, but no doubt, in John's country, and in all countries, they have men like Hains, and men like Annis, and women like Mrs. Annis, going to death's door through the shock of the tragedy of which she was an eye-witness—women, too, like Mrs. Hains, who, when the news reached her, shrieked that Peter must have been crazy to have done such a deed. There are such people in all countries, and have been in all ages. Bring these people together and there ensues a tragedy.

EVEN though Capt. Hains had received provocation as great as he supposed it to be, yet nothing can still the word "coward" used by the victim. To slaughter a man in that way was a cowardly deed. He was given no chance either to defend his life or disprove the accusation made against him. To kill a man in that way was no feat—no man is so ignorant or paltry but he could have slain the most stalwart and best of men under those circumstances. Homicide of this kind cannot be considered justifiable under any circumstances, for it is plain, vulgar murder. The man capable of it cannot be capable of rightly weighing those other matters which precede it and in which he finds his justification for doing something desperate. In a shop window in King street is a picture of a duel—a stirring picture of young bloods of old days, and the rapier of one duellist has just pierced the breast of the other who has fallen to the floor. It seems that "he had spoken lightly of a woman's name." No doubt the man died, for the wound looks as if it would be mortal, but at least he was not stabbed in the back, nor shot as he stepped unarmed on the landing at a yacht club. The duel was a senseless thing, for it too often happened that the greater the scoundrel the more careful he was to become proficient as a swordsman. Yet senseless as the duel was it taught courtesy in speech and imposed an honorable code on murderers, which in these times is forgotten. The wronged husband avenges his honor by assassination, and perhaps on insufficient evidence that he has been wronged. We do not know and are not curious about the details of this affair, but surely when Capt. Hains sought the publicity of the divorce court he forfeited the right to resort to heroics in the way of murder. Had he gone out in the first place and slain his enemy, following an aboriginal instinct, one could understand him; had he met his enemy in fair fight and slain him, one could understand. But to carry the story of his shame into the divorce court in June and then in August revert to the barbarism of murder, makes him rather incomprehensible. In a country where divorce is so fashionable the assassination of Mr. Annis was not only criminal but it was in bad form. By going into court in June he put himself out of court as an avenger of his honor by violence in August.

No doubt we get the explanation of it all when we turn to the brother, Thornton J. Hains. It was he who wrote the captain to hurry home from the Philippines as his wife was acting indiscreetly. It often happens that a brother is a zealous champion of the family honor, it not being his own domestic heart that is to be broken up, his own tortured mind that is to pass through the ordeal of divorce, nor his own hand that is to resort to murder. A brother can often be extremely zealous in respect of the family honor. This Thornton J. Hains is a writer of fiction, and now he has a plot to hand and a notoriety that will bring his stories into demand.

A READER has sent in a little note, asking whether the opinion expressed on this page last week that Sir Wilfrid Laurier could be defeated in the next Dominion elections, was not somewhat premature. He suggests that perhaps a not sufficiently careful survey of the field had been made. As a matter of fact, no survey of the field, careful or otherwise, was made, and I am not going to look owlish and pretend that there is in this office a mass of information gathered from all parts of Canada which enables a prediction to be made in this page as to what the people of Canada intend to do when next they go to the polls. The opinion given in these columns last week was wholly my own, arrived at in somewhat the same way by which one decides to his own satisfaction in the morning whether it will rain during the day. A man may decide that it does not look nor feel like rain, and yet, of course, rain may fall before night. It does not look nor feel as if we were about to have a change of parties at Ottawa, yet, of course, the change may come. The opinion expressed last week, will therefore, be re-

garded as entirely valueless by those careful calculators who believe that they can collect from all parts of the country exact data on which to base their election predictions, and by those other persons who respectfully read elaborate figures and estimates, which are, in fact, but guess-work. Before an election you often meet an exact forecaster who will show you, province by province, how the country will go. He will even tell you about each separate constituency, and challenge you to show wherein he is

strength than "the ins." In this country our great leaders never have been beaten while they lived and led. Our political parties have been censured so indiscriminately in the hostile press whether they were good or bad, that even when an administration has lost the last particle of zeal and exists only to feed on plenty, the people are a long time in believing that conditions have grown worse or that there is anything more in the accusations put forward than a partizan desire to make ordinary transactions look shady or villainous.

IN the history of his country it is probable that Grover Cleveland will take rank among the foremost of the presidents. He had personal force and rectitude. In Canada we have got into the way of under-rating him because of his Venezuela message, in which he seemed in the most wanton way to have created a situation that would have caused war between Great Britain and the United States had not a finer caution than his own moved British statesmen. In that case he was coldly and deliberately rash. But as Harry Thurston Peck now claims for him in that matter, he gained his point without war, his aim being to re-emphasize the Monroe doctrine and secure its recognition before the eyes of the world. But, perhaps, he had then the feeling he so startlingly expressed later in regard to the Spaniards in Cuba: "The United States is not a nation to which peace is a necessity." Perhaps, in time to come that statement may prove to be one of the most dangerous preserved among the utterances of past presidents.

Aside from the Venezuela message, Cleveland's career, as seen from across the lakes, appeared to be that of a man of unusual ability. He always spoke out and always with force and originality. But his deliberate decision to write a message which would either provoke war with Great Britain or cause British statesmen to back down ignominiously as regards Venezuela, may seem one which the jingoes of his nation can admire, but it will scarcely be one that historians will commend. He did not need to write such a message. His country was in no shape for the war he so lightly challenged, and it seems apparent that he gambled on the known desire in Great Britain for closer friendship with the United States. His action at that time was about as deserving of admiration as that of a boy who defies his mother, relying confidently on her affection for him as his sure defence. The boy who earns the applause of street urchins in any such way, earns his applause at a price.

IT is rumored that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson will start a daily newspaper in Winnipeg with a view to establishing a string of dailies across Canada in course of time. A similar intention was said to possess Lord Northcliffe a couple of years ago, but nothing has come of it as yet. It has been said, too, that Mr. Hearst, of New York, was about to do the same thing. This is a large country and there is room for them all, as far as room is concerned, but when the situation is looked at with the eye of local experience, it appears as if we have too many dailies rather than a shortage of them.

WHEN, two or three years ago, an army of young fellows going west on a harvesters' excursion, proceeded to enjoy themselves by going in for horse-play, people read of it in the newspapers and smiled indulgently—for after all they were young in years and yoked to laborious lives. Most of them came from farms in the east, where it was customary to arise at dawn and work through until night fell. Few of them had ever met with any adventure more serious than a chance kick from a cow, and it was deemed but natural that in lives so eventless the excursion across country to the harvest fields of the West should be an outing productive of some excitement in the simple natures of those taking part in it. The railway authorities were indulgent, for they wanted the harvest excursions to be popular. The local authorities along the line were indulgent, for they wanted to see the golden wheat harvested in time. So the young fellows learned that they were a privileged lot. They owned the trains they were on, and none among them was allowed to sleep until all were exhausted, and all were roused up as soon as one felt strong enough to kick his foot through a car window or lift his husky voice in song.

Finding that they owned the train they were on and that their pranks at every way station where they stopped were tolerated, they grew resentful when some short-grained station-agent objected to having his premises turned up-side down. Two years ago after the train had passed a certain point the dead body of one of the harvesters was found beside the track. Last year a bottle hurled from a train by one of these roystering rustics killed a bystander. This year these crazed haymakers have gone beyond all bounds and, more especially those from the Maritime Provinces, have indulged in reckless lawlessness all along the line. They mobbed men who tried to keep their excesses within bounds, and at one point completely sacked an hotel, just as a mob might do at a time of revolution.

One reads with surprise that little if anything has been done to punish these rioters. "The police," we are told, "arrested half-a-dozen men" at one point, "but allowed them to continue their journey." There is nothing wrong with these young fellows except that the license which has been allowed them has brought out the original cussedness that hides in human nature. If a yelling gang can take possession of a train, they will next want to own the track, and then the stations, and finally the towns through which they pass. One excess leads to another. If the authorities overlook one act of violence, it is taken to mean that a dozen others may follow. These excursionists have come to believe that they are exempt from the restraints under which they must live at other times. They have the small boy's notion that "ye can do anything on Hollow Eve and nobody can touch ye." The harvesters should be brought up with a sudden jerk. It will not do to allow young fellows who are scattering all over Canada to run away with the notion that law and order is suspended whenever enough men get together to outnumber the local police force of any town they may be in.

IN the dog days it is the practice of journals, especially in England, to work up discussions on subjects of a homely kind. An English journal is on my desk containing replies from several gentlemen of seventy years or over, to the question as to what are the secrets of perpetual youth. In an American journal a number of people write answers to a query from the editor as to what



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OF THE
ROYAL
MUSKOKA

astray. You will meet another, who predicts an opposite result with equal confidence and an equally imposing array of figures. Both these men are quite sincere, although they mislead themselves and others. Perhaps it was inconsiderate of this journal to chill the zeal of such of its readers as hope to see Sir Wilfrid swept from office, but having nothing to do with party politics, there appears to be no reason why the probable result of the elections should not be stated frankly in these columns.

It may be true that the Liberals at Ottawa have so deteriorated in office that they do not deserve to be again returned to power. But it may be true also that the Conservatives have not sufficiently developed in opposition to have won that popular confidence without which it is impossible to tear up a party deep-rooted in power. To win it is necessary for "the outs" to possess a vastly greater

It is curious how the unholy alliance between the Federal and the various provincial governments works at first for the strengthening of the party in power at Ottawa, and in the end causes its undoing. Before the Conservatives lost office at Ottawa, every provincial government in Canada was under Liberal control, but now that that party rules at Ottawa the provincial governments are year by year swinging over into the other column—Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, New Brunswick, have already gone over to the Conservatives, and no fair-minded man can doubt that the Saskatchewan elections were pulled off in feverish haste in fear that a change would occur in that infant province if a movement of that kind were given time to get under way. It is evident that the people do not care to see their provincial governments in close alliance with federal politics.

they would do if they knew positively that they had to die at the end of a week.

It must be confessed that the answers given are on the whole not important, and scarcely interesting. Summed up in a few words, the old gentlemen who try to explain the means by which one can attain to a ripe old age pretty much agree that it is necessary to be moderate in all things, with a clear conscience, freedom from worry and with plenty of work of a congenial kind. There is little that is new or useful in this. These things were known to us all. Some of these writers tell a man to get free from worry much as if they were warning him against wearing damp socks.

The question as to what a man would do with his time if he knew he had to die next week, is one that nobody can answer, because no man could possibly bring himself, to please an editor, into the frame of mind in which he would be if death were but seven days ahead of him. Yet many persons have promptly replied to the editor, most of them showing a beautiful resignation which it is highly improbable they would display under real circumstances of the kind. Chauncey M. Depew excels himself. "I would," he says, "make my peace with Heaven, as I was taught by my mother according to the ways of Calvin and the Westminster confession." Had he stopped there, regarding that as a full week's work, his answer would have been complete enough, but he went on to say that he would arrange his affairs so that courts and litigants could not divide his estate; then he would revisit the scenes of his childhood and youth; he would give a dinner to those who had written the nastiest things about him, then (here's the sad part) "with those I love and who love me, the world and its cares forgotten, the closing hours should glide swiftly, cheerfully and sweetly by in story and song, in reminiscence and in soul communion—the parting here a foretaste of the meeting beyond."

There is Senator Depew's idea of a fitting finish to his career! The peace that religion brings, little deeds of kindness, a hand-clasp from an old friend, soft music, the hushed sob of females—and then the noiseless chariot ride through the sky on up among the stars to eternal joy. It is very beautiful, but it does not seem to be what he has been training for throughout his gay and unscrupulous life.

But of course he would not do these things if he were told that he had to die within seven days. He would rebel against fate. He would appeal against the verdict. He would hire the best lawyers and spend his last cent in seeking to get a new trial, or failing that a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment. But, if it were not the laws of man but the laws of nature that called for his death in a week, he would appeal none the less. He would throw himself down on a bed and summon all the best physicians and surgeons by special train to consult on his case. They would disagree, some favoring an operation and some not—but the operation would take place, and it would be entirely successful. However, at the last some unexpected complication would set in, he would sink into unconsciousness and float into the beyond.

No man knows how he would accept the verdict of death. When a criminal is condemned to hang, he takes it stoically because he cannot escape, and he expects this. When a political prisoner is condemned, he takes it bravely, to do credit to his cause, and to shame his slayers. When any ill person learns that he must die, the news is often not unwelcome, for it means an end, not to life, but to illness. Taking it altogether, human beings die very creditably. MACK.

THE list of waifs who have become famous is a long one. It includes Sir Henry Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rose Bonheur, Edgar Allan Poe, Rachel, Leonardo da Vinci, and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children—children who, if left to their fate, would undoubtedly have drifted into evil ways. Instead they have lived to add glory to their names and have contributed to the knowledge of the world at large through the fruits of their genius.

ACCORDING to a heading in The Globe "Premier Scott's Majority Grows." Some despatches sent from the West, suggest, on the contrary, that the majority in Saskatchewan did not grow at all, but was entirely hand-made.

SHARFE, the religious fanatic, who entered Manitoba with a rifle and declared that he would not be taken alive, has returned to the United States. He was not needlessly interfered with, and finding that he could not kick up a sensation returned the way he came. No doubt he expected that the troops would be called out and that photographers and press correspondents would swarm about him. But notoriety hunters, carrying shot guns, get small encouragement on this side of the line. When it becomes necessary to capture such a person, it is a job, not for a posse, but for a policeman.

THE Japanese are much distressed, according to the London Standard, by the fact that they are shorter of stature than people of other races, and are taking thought as to a remedy for the defect. Some of their writers claim that if the people abandon the national habit of sitting on the floor the defect will disappear in course of time.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE

From Harper's Weekly

ACCORDING to Holman Day, who writes in Appleton's Magazine about "Maine After Fifty-seven Years of Prohibition," Maine wants prohibition in her Constitution, where she put it twenty-four years ago, and there is no prospect that she will ever take it out. She likes prohibition very much, and promises to keep on voting for it whenever the question comes up. What she does not like is the enforcement of her prohibitory laws. That makes trouble in her cities whenever attempted, and the more earnest the attempt the greater the dissatisfaction. When local officers in any city succeed in enforcing the prohibition laws, they fail of re-election. Quite as much liquor seems to be drunk in Maine in proportion to population as in other States, but a much larger proportion of the liquor drunk in Maine is criminally bad than in States that have more liberal laws. Very bad liquor is doubtless at the bottom of the excessive drunkenness in the Maine cities. Arrests in them for intoxication last year averaged 25½ to the thousand of population; in Portland 55 to the thousand; in Bangor 100 to the thousand. Mr. George W. Peck, of Milwaukee, who has been inspecting Maine, complains of the monotony of dodging drunken men in Portland, and tells of finding more arrests for drunkenness in Bangor, with its twenty-three thousand population, than in Milwaukee, with three hundred thousand. How it happens so is more comprehensible when one reads what Mr. Day tells about Maine's kitchen-barroom whisky, which chemists who have analyzed captured samples of



HON. WALTER SCOTT



HON. F. W. G. HAULTAIN

The Leaders of the Rival Political Parties in Saskatchewan. Mr. Scott, the Liberal Premier, retains office with an easy Working Majority as a result of last week's elections.

it have found to be made of "alcohol, tobacco steepings, and stupefying drugs." "Many victims of this stuff," says Mr. Day, "have died after being arrested for intoxication, and men apparently crazed by the compound have hanged themselves in their cells." Evidently prohibition is very hard on the Maine cities. It relieves them of the open saloon, but does it at a price which the cities would not pay if they could help it. But two-thirds of the Maine voters live in rural districts, are satisfied with Jamaica ginger and patent medicine as stimulants, and will vote prohibition until kingdom come. So prohibition triumphs, and the rum question remains unsettled.

SINCE the time that the prophets of Baal took a bullock and placed it on the altar and called upon the name of their god from morning until night, and "cried aloud and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them," there has been no exhibition of a belief in incantation comparable to the approaching Inter-state Prosperity Congress. This organized commercial faith cure is to be let loose upon us at the close of this week.

The grotesqueness of the plan strikes foreign observers even more forcibly than it strikes our own unreflecting people. No one who knows the true psychological character of the gradual growth of mutual confidence, its liability to sudden chills, and its long periods of suspended animation, will ever take stock in its galvanic revival even by the combined attempts of two organized bodies of commercial travellers.—The Nation.

THE shortcake halts a moment on its way.

The watermelon hath a hencoward trend,
The cantaloupe drops in, but not to stay—
The prune alone is faithful to the end.

CAPE COLONY has laid an export duty of \$500 on every ostrich sent out of the country, and \$25 on each ostrich egg. After several dull years that colony exported seven million dollars worth of ostrich plumes last year and no longer proposes to sell birds and eggs to build up foreign competition.

All Presidential Candidates are Radicals.

THE Brooklyn Eagle publishes a remarkable article which is not inappropriately headed "Radicalism Triumphant." Its object is to show that there is no conservative presidential candidate now before the country and that conservatism as a principle in politics is now unrepresented in the national election. But let the Brooklyn Eagle speak for itself:

There are seven candidates for the presidency in the field: Debs, Socialist; Watson, Populist; Chafin, Prohibitionist; Preston, Social Labor; Hisgen, Independence Party; Bryan, Democrat; Taft, Republican.

Not one of them is a conservative. In fact, the conservatives in this country are much in the same position that Daniel Webster was when the Whig party took the stand which, in his judgment, foreshadowed the death of that party. Then he said there was nothing for him to do but to take to the woods.

There is no candidate representing the conservative view of economic, social, political, or administrative government for whom a conservative may vote with satisfaction. Let us analyze: Debs is a Socialist with anarchical adornments. Watson is a radical individualist decrying anarchy. Chafin advocates the destruction of personal liberty by law, and would make people good by enactment. Preston, languishing in jail under conviction of murder, presents the elevation of the proletariat to supreme power. Hisgen would seize all utilities for ownership by government. Bryan, with Socialistic trimmings, would destroy the last resort of safety, the power of the courts. Taft has planted himself unequivocally on the platform of the Roosevelt policies, denounced by conservatives as wholly radical, though he does temper corporation associations with obeisance to the legal power of the courts. All radicals.

There is no choice between conservatism and radicalism. As it is wholly a question of degrees in radicalism, the choice must be one of degrees. On the top rung of the radical ladder stands Debs. On the bottom rung stands Taft. The most extreme of these is Debs. The least of these is Taft. The privilege of the voter is to choose the degree he favors. To the conservatives it is a choice of evils.

These are conclusions from which there is no escape. Whether the Eagle or any conservative likes the situation or not, will not count. It is not the point. It is either one of these degrees or the woods of Daniel Webster.

The final conclusion is that before the voters are lined up in front of the ballot-boxes of the nation, the battle between radicalism and conservatism has been fought out, and radicalism has triumphed. No matter who wins a radical wins. So for the next four years in the nation, radicalism, in the degree chosen, will dominate.

Are You Getting Anywhere?

YOU are rushing, you are straining, with a grim look on your face;
You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace has no place;
You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to know;
You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;
You are straining, you are striving through the dark days and the fair,
But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you or would claim your care awhile;
Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lovely pasture still
And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill,
You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care,
But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment; trouble haunts you in your dreams;
It is long since you have loitered on the banks of shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they have made so clean and white
And have polished at their leisure and their pleasure day and night;
You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet old air,
But, with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

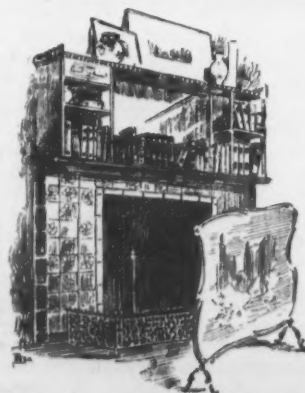
You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in heart and mind;
You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste to push ahead,
And along the ways you travel bitterness and grief are spread;
You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,
But, with all your cruel striving, are you getting anywhere?

Out beyond you there is silence that no man may ever wake;
In the distance there is darkness that no morning's light may break;
At the journey's end dishonor is for those who day by day
Cheat their souls and dull their senses as they rush upon the way!
You are passing many pleasures which you have the right to share,
As you rush to fill the hollow men will dig for you somewhere.

—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald

M. R. MORT PAYNE, veteran of the Shinnecock golf course, is in charge of the work on the National Golf Links of America, at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. Fifty of America's millionaire golf cranks have contributed \$1,000 each for the construction of this standard course, which will have all the important characteristics of the famous golf links of Great Britain. The National Golf Links is practically a straightaway course about 1,000 yards wide, the return course paralleling the first links to the 16 tee of the Shinnecock Hills course.

BERLIN is excited over the rumor that the third volume of Bismarck's biography will be published in the autumn.



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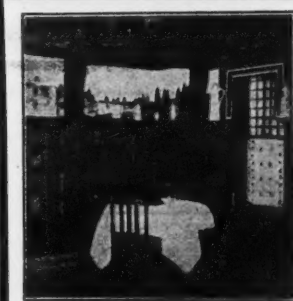
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Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORT,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, Aug. 19.

IN the last issue of the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association is an article by Professor Macnaughten in which he argues to restrict the liability of bank shareholders to the amount of their original investment, or in other words, he favors the abolishment of the double-liability clause of our Banking Act. He says: "A depositor (if he has a savings bank account) is drawing from the bank 3 per cent. To such a depositor the bank is a money-making machine to the extent mentioned; while he further has the enormous advantage of being protected by government regulations to a large extent (and possibly to the total sum) of his deposit. In periods of average prosperity a purchaser of shares in any of the leading banks will not at the price he has to pay for such shares get much more than 4 to 5 per cent. He will not, therefore, on the average get more than 1½ per cent. above the depositor in the savings bank department. On the other hand (even without the double liability), his position in case of the suspension of the bank is immeasurably inferior. Before he can recover a cent of his investment all the depositors will have to be paid in full, and in case of a bad failure, he will get nothing. Suppose, for instance, that a brother and sister (whom we will call A and B), to have each received five thousand dollars on the death of an aunt. They each place their legacy in a bank of apparent stability, but Mr. A (who is waiting for the opportunity of a good investment) places it on deposit, and Mrs. B, who is a widow, buys shares of the bank to yield her, say, 5 per cent. In six months' time, owing to some unexpected and unforeseen cause the bank fails. Observe the difference between the two interested parties. A gets out of the fiasco with \$5,075 in his pocket (representing the principle and interest for six months); while his sister, Mrs. B, in any case may lose the whole of her \$5,000, and (under the present Canadian law) may be liable for an additional sum besides.

"There is surely no reason in justice or common-sense why depositors and shareholders should receive such different treatment. Every depositor can potentially place his money in a savings bank account; and this being so the advantage which the shareholder has over the depositor in the matter of increased returns is not on the average more than about 1½ per cent. In other words, the shareholder does not get more than 50 per cent. advantage so far as interest is concerned. On what principle then, should he, so far as liability is concerned, be subjected to a loss of 200 per cent? The theory that depositors alone require protection is surely incorrect if we regard the question from a practical point of view. As a matter of fact, I suppose, at least, 95 per cent. of the shareholders of any given bank are as much at the mercy of the directors as are the depositors. Both classes (shareholders and depositors) belong to the general public; and it is a want of appreciation of this fact which has led to so radical and (in my opinion) unjust treatment of the one class as compared with the other."

I am afraid very few people who give any attention to financial matters and banking will agree with Professor Macnaughten in his contention that depositors and shareholders should have the same interests and equally the same protection under our banking legislation. Depositors are the largest creditors of a bank, and have no say whatever in its management. They are the general public. Shareholders have, or ought to have, the control of the bank in which they have bought an interest through their shares. They are the proprietors. And it is only right that legislation should impose upon them the responsibility of making good to the general public (the depositors) in case of bad management or default. The relationship between depositors and shareholders is the same as between customers or clients and the manufacturer or tradesman. But thanks to the Canadian Banking Act, the involuntary creditor (the depositor) receives more protection than the customer of a manufacturer, for instance, with whom he deals. Our banks deal largely in credit, and consequently it is necessary for them to instill the greatest amount of confidence in the public. It is through this confidence that bankers get the greater part of the money to carry on their operations. Roughly speaking, the discounts and loans made by our banks aggregate \$650,000,000, while their fully paid-up capital is less than \$95,000,000. The depositors supply them with over \$600,000,000. The greatest confidence on the part of the public is therefore necessary to give the banks money with which to do business. The proprietors, or in other words shareholders, if they abuse the trust reposed in them, as they have done on recent occasions, must suffer. The defaulters and bad management of recently failed banks were not due to the Canadian Banking System, but to the inability, lack of judgment, and carelessness of directors who were elected to their positions of trust by the shareholders themselves.

The writer in the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association says that the shareholder has an advantage of only 1½ per cent. over the depositor. That is, in buying stock the shareholder will probably get a return of 4½ per cent., while the bank pays 3 per cent. interest to the depositor. He forgets that most of our leading banks have issued in the past five years much additional stock, which was sold to shareholders at greatly reduced prices from open market values. Many shareholders who have kept their original stock five years, and taken up the new allotments, have at least made 8 to 10 per cent. on their investments. But during all that period, with money at times worth 7 to 8 per cent. to the banker, the depositor was paid only 3 per cent. Too wide a margin altogether. I believe the Bank of England scales its rate to depositors in accordance with the discount rate it charges business men.

Professor Macnaughten goes to say: "Every company composed of shareholders must (at least, to some extent) depend for the success of its operations on the attractiveness of its shares to the investing public. To this rule a banking company offers no exception. Every such banking company may be regarded as competing in the open market, not only with other banking companies, but also with industrial companies of every kind for their fair share of the patronage of the investing public. Anything that will detract from the attractiveness of a commercial company as a suitable field for investment must harm that company. And still more, anything which detracts from banking companies as a body, and renders

their shares less attractive as investments to the moneyed classes, must surely be prejudicial first to the banking companies themselves, and incidentally, but none the less actually, to the whole community."

The above would indicate that the Professor would like to see higher prices for bank shares. We can agree with him in believing that if the double liability of bank shareholders were erased from the Act, prices of bank stocks would advance. But they might, perhaps, become too speculative. Conservative bank managers do not like to see the shares of their banks too high. They offer too great a temptation to even big men to sell, and it has happened more than once in Canada that a first-class corporation saw the beginning of its end when the stock was above intrinsic value. A moderate price, the investment in which will about return the current rate of interest, is the best condition for a bank stock to be in. It is a question if conservative investors or bankers would like to see the Double Liability Clause dispersed with. As at present trust companies are legally allowed to invest in bank stocks. These institutions, if wisely managed, are successful. And while protecting the depositor, the privileges accompanying a bank charter are so liberal that an intelligent investor ought to have no scruples in buying bank stock if he has implicit faith in its officers and management.

MONTREAL, August 19th.

THERE is something unique in the manner in which the Canadian Northwest Land Company does business. I notice that they are now paying off four dollars per share on their capital, which brings the par value down to one dollar per share, at which figure it will remain until the company eventually sells out all its land and winds up its affairs. Paying off the stock is one method of declaring dividends, and the large sum of money which the lucky holders will receive for their comparatively puny investment is something to contemplate and wonder at. The total shares outstanding number 58,681, and this, of course, represents just that many dollars at par. The company has upward of 500,000 acres of land unsold, but we will call it an even five hundred thousand for good measure. The average per acre during 1907 was a little better than \$11.50 per acre. It is fair to presume that prices for this land will not depreciate, therefore, we will multiply the land on hand by the average for the last full year, leaving off the odd 50 cents per acre for expenses. The result is \$5,500,000. Divide this sum among the 58,681 shares, and it gives a value to each of well on to \$90 per share, or ninety times its par value. Add to this the company's interests—a large item—in town sites, and "balance to be received on land contracts," amounting to nearly two millions, and some conception may be gained of the value of these shares even after all the handsome profits which have already accrued. Practically all this wealth belongs to a little group of capitalists, among them being Sir William VanHorne, Robert Meagher (by far the largest stockholder), E. B. Osler, of Toronto; R. B. Angus, W. C. McIntyre, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Lord Strathcona, and Thomas Skinner, of London England; all men who had faith in the Canadian West. Fifteen years ago a little Canadian syndicate, composed largely of the gentlemen already named, purchased from its English owners 2,200,000 acres of good land located mainly in the present Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The price paid was ridiculously small as viewed from our day, so small, indeed, that those English gentlemen must feel like kicking themselves every time they think of it.

Speaking of money makers in Canada reminds one that Montreal has a bank, the like of which as a bank stock investment, does not exist in the Dominion, though the ins and outs of the business are but little known even in this city. This is the City and District Savings Bank. This bank exists under a special charter, differing in many ways from all other banking institutions in the country. It is primarily a savings bank, issues no bank bills, and is not a member of the Clearing House, doing its business there through a representative. On its books are upwards of ninety thousand open accounts, all in the main office or branches in the city of Montreal; there being no outside branches. The bank's original subscribed capital was two millions, but it was never found necessary to call for more than \$600,000; therefore, the five thousand shares originally cost their holders \$120 per share. The last sale of this stock was at the rate of \$425 per share, and during the year each of these shares has been credited with dividends amounting to \$20, and there is every prospect that within a twelve month the stockholders will not only be getting this \$20 per share, but a bonus as well, the reserve account having reached such proportions as it is not deemed at all necessary to further enlarge it. The Canadian stock broker is very largely interested in the old City and District Bank, for there he obtains a very large proportion of his call loans. Another specialty of this bank is the purchase of municipal and school bonds, of which they always have many millions on hand. It is with this institution that the wealthy Seminary of St. Sulpice does a large share of its banking, and well I remember one day some years ago when some foolish persons spread rumors and caused a run—all without the least foundation in the world—the black-robed head of the Seminary mounted a box in the middle of St. James' street and urged the surging masses of men, women and children to go their way and leave their money where it was. And the priest's words acted like magic on that crowd. Strange as it may appear its list of stockholders is largely made up of those connected with other banking institutions; men like Hon. Robert Mackay, and the Molsons of the Molson Bank.

A Unique Bank.

Owing to dishonest employees the Canadian Pacific railway has got itself into a peck of trouble with the Canadian customs, for now the Attorney-General's department has entered suit against the company for a no less sum than \$236,000, the same being demanded for goods put through the customs fraudulently by undervaluations, etc. For some years the company employed a man named David Hobbs as a customs clerk. It afterwards developed that the gentleman with the unpoetic name had made a business of undervaluing goods, even to bridges which he put through the customs as scrap iron, and Canadian scrap

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at that. In time Hobbs was brought to book, and is now serving a term of four years in the penitentiary. But it seems that while Hobbs got his in the way of a sentence, the Government did not get theirs in customs duties, hence the suit.

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THAT Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following: "You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered, not for having been a great lawyer nor for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage." "And your grace," answered Brough-

am, "will be remembered, not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!" "Oh," said Wellington, "damn the boots, I forgot 'em."

SIR RICHARD BETHELL, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless, had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit. Once, in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very loud tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your honor in two sentences the gist of the case."

Mother—What did Mrs. Meanly give you for cutting her grass? Willie—Nothing. Mother—Why, she promised you to cents, didn't she? Willie—Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me to cents for the use of it.—Pioneer Press.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to want me!"—Boston Globe.

they would do if they knew positively that they had to die at the end of a week.

It must be confessed that the answers given are on the whole not important, and scarcely interesting. Summed up in a few words, the old gentlemen who try to explain the means by which one can attain to a ripe old age pretty much agree that it is necessary to be moderate in all things, with a clear conscience, freedom from worry and with plenty of work of a congenial kind. There is little that is new or useful in this. These things were known to us all. Some of these writers tell a man to get free from worry much as if they were warning him against wearing damp socks.

The question as to what a man would do with his time if he knew he had to die next week, is one that nobody can answer, because no man could possibly bring himself, to please an editor, into the frame of mind in which he would be if death were but seven days ahead of him. Yet many persons have promptly replied to the editor, most of them showing a beautiful resignation which it is highly improbable they would display under real circumstances of the kind. Chauncey M. Depew excels himself. "I would," he says, "make my peace with Heaven, as I was taught by my mother according to the ways of Calvin and the Westminster confession." Had he stopped there, regarding that as a full week's work, his answer would have been complete enough, but he went on to say that he would arrange his affairs so that courts and litigants could not divide his estate; then he would revisit the scenes of his childhood and youth; he would give a dinner to those who had written the nastiest things about him, then (here's the sad part) "with those I love and who love me, the world and its cares forgotten, the closing hours should glide swiftly, cheerfully and sweetly by in story and song, in reminiscence and in soul communion—the parting here a foretaste of the meeting beyond."

There is Senator Depew's idea of a fitting finish to his career! The peace that religion brings, little deeds of kindness, a hand-clasp from an old friend, soft music, the hushed sob of females—and then the noiseless chariot ride through the sky on up among the stars to eternal joy. It is very beautiful, but it does not seem to be what he has been training for throughout his gay and unscrupulous life.

But of course he would not do these things if he were told that he had to die within seven days. He would rebel against fate. He would appeal against the verdict. He would hire the best lawyers and spend his last cent in seeking to get a new trial, or failing that a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment. But, if it were not the laws of man but the laws of nature that called for his death in a week, he would appeal none the less. He would throw himself down on a bed and summon all the best physicians and surgeons by special train to consult on his case. They would disagree, some favoring an operation and some not—but the operation would take place, and it would be entirely successful. However, at the last some unexpected complication would set in, he would sink into unconsciousness and float into the beyond.

No man knows how he would accept the verdict of death. When a criminal is condemned to hang, he takes it stoically because he cannot escape, and he expects this. When a political prisoner is condemned, he takes it bravely, to do credit to his cause, and to shame his slayers. When any ill person learns that he must die, the news is often not unwelcome, for it means an end, not to life, but to illness. Taking it altogether, human beings die very creditably. MACK.

THE list of waifs who have become famous is a long one. It includes Sir Henry Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rose Bonheur, Edgar Allan Poe, Rachel, Leonardo da Vinci, and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children—children who, if left to their fate, would undoubtedly have drifted into evil ways. Instead they have lived to add glory to their names and have contributed to the knowledge of the world at large through the fruits of their genius.

ACCORDING to a heading in The Globe "Premier Scott's Majority Grows." Some despatches sent from the West, suggest, on the contrary, that the majority in Saskatchewan did not grow at all, but was entirely hand-made.

SARFEE, the religious fanatic, who entered Manitoba with a rifle and declared that he would not be taken alive, has returned to the United States. He was not needlessly interfered with, and finding that he could not kick up a sensation returned the way he came. No doubt he expected that the troops would be called out and that photographers and press correspondents would swarm about him. But notoriety hunters, carrying shot guns, get small encouragement on this side of the line. When it becomes necessary to capture such a person, it is a job, not for a posse, but for a policeman.

THE Japanese are much distressed, according to the London Standard, by the fact that they are shorter of stature than people of other races, and are taking thought as to a remedy for the defect. Some of their writers claim that if the people abandon the national habit of sitting on the floor the defect will disappear in course of time.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE

From Harper's Weekly

ACCORDING to Holman Day, who writes in Appleton's Magazine about "Maine After Fifty-seven Years of Prohibition," Maine wants prohibition in her Constitution, where she put it twenty-four years ago, and there is no prospect that she will ever take it out. She likes prohibition very much, and promises to keep on voting for it whenever the question comes up. What she does not like is the enforcement of her prohibitory laws. That makes trouble in her cities whenever attempted, and the more earnest the attempt the greater the dissatisfaction. When local officers in any city succeed in enforcing the prohibition laws, they fail of re-election. Quite as much liquor seems to be drunk in Maine in proportion to population as in other States, but a much larger proportion of the liquor drunk in Maine is criminally bad than in States that have more liberal laws. Very bad liquor is doubtless at the bottom of the excessive drunkenness in the Maine cities. Arrests in them for intoxication last year averaged 254 to the thousand of population; in Portland 55 to the thousand; in Bangor 100 to the thousand. Mr. George W. Peck, of Milwaukee, who has been inspecting Maine, complains of the monotony of dodging drunken men in Portland, and tells of finding more arrests for drunkenness in Bangor, with its twenty-three thousand population, than in Milwaukee, with three hundred thousand. How it happens so is more comprehensible when one reads what Mr. Day tells about Maine's kitchen-barroom whisky, which chemists who have analyzed captured samples of



HON. WALTER SCOTT



HON. F. W. G. HAULTAIN

The Leaders of the Rival Political Parties in Saskatchewan. Mr. Scott, the Liberal Premier, retains office with an easy Working Majority as a result of last week's elections.

it have found to be made of "alcohol, tobacco steepings, and stupefying drugs." "Many victims of this stuff," says Mr. Day, "have died after being arrested for intoxication, and men apparently crazed by the compound have hanged themselves in their cells." Evidently prohibition is very hard on the Maine cities. It relieves them of the open saloon, but does it at a price which the cities would not pay if they could help it. But two-thirds of the Maine voters live in rural districts, are satisfied with Jamaica ginger and patent medicine as stimulants, and will vote prohibition until kingdom come. So prohibition triumphs, and the rum question remains unsettled.

SINCE the time that the prophets of Baal took a bullock and placed it on the altar and called upon the name of their god from morning until night, and "cried aloud and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them," there has been no exhibition of a belief in incantation comparable to the approaching Inter-state Prosperity Congress. This organized commercial faith cure is to be let loose upon us at the close of this week. The grotesqueness of the plan strikes foreign observers even more forcibly than it strikes our own unreflecting people. No one who knows the true psychological character of the gradual growth of mutual confidence, its liability to sudden chills, and its long periods of suspended animation, will ever take stock in its galvanic revival even by the combined attempts of two organized bodies of commercial travellers.—The Nation.

THE shortcake halts a moment on its way.

The watermelon hath a hencoward trend,
The cantaloupe drops in, but not to stay—
The prune alone is faithful to the end.

CAPE COLONY has laid an export duty of \$500 on every ostrich sent out of the country, and \$25 on each ostrich egg. After several dull years that colony exported seven million dollars worth of ostrich plumes last year and no longer proposes to sell birds and eggs to build up foreign competition.

All Presidential Candidates are Radicals.

THE Brooklyn Eagle publishes a remarkable article which is not inappropriately headed "Radicalism Triumphant." Its object is to show that there is no conservative presidential candidate now before the country and that conservatism as a principle in politics is now unrepresented in the national election. But let the Brooklyn Eagle speak for itself:

There are seven candidates for the presidency in the field: Debs, Socialist; Watson, Populist; Chafin, Prohibitionist; Preston, Social Labor; Hisgen, Independence Party; Bryan, Democrat; Taft, Republican.

Not one of them is a conservative. In fact, the conservatives in this country are much in the same position that Daniel Webster was when the Whig party took the stand which, in his judgment, foreshadowed the death of that party. Then he said there was nothing for him to do but to take to the woods.

There is no candidate representing the conservative view of economic, social, political, or administrative government for whom a conservative may vote with satisfaction. Let us analyze: Debs is a Socialist with anarchical adornments. Watson is a radical individualist decrying anarchy. Chafin advocates the destruction of personal liberty by law, and would make people good by enactment. Preston, languishing in jail under conviction of murder, presents the elevation of the proletariat to supreme power. Hisgen would seize all utilities for ownership by government. Bryan, with Socialistic trimmings, would destroy the last resort of safety, the power of the courts. Taft has planted himself unequivocally on the platform of the Roosevelt policies, denounced by conservatives as wholly radical, though he does temper corporation associations with obedience to the legal power of the courts. All radicals.

There is no choice between conservatism and radicalism. As it is wholly a question of degrees in radicalism, the choice must be one of degrees. On the top rung of the radical ladder stands Debs. On the bottom rung stands Taft. The most extreme of these is Debs. The least of these is Taft. The privilege of the voter is to choose the degree he favors. To the conservatives it is a choice of evils.

These are conclusions from which there is no escape. Whether the Eagle or any conservative likes the situation or not, will not count. It is not the point. It is either one of these degrees or the woods of Daniel Webster.

The final conclusion is that before the voters are lined up in front of the ballot-boxes of the nation, the battle between radicalism and conservatism has been fought out, and radicalism has triumphed. No matter who wins a radical wins. So for the next four years in the nation, radicalism, in the degree chosen, will dominate.

Are You Getting Anywhere?

YOU are rushing, you are straining, with a grim look on your face;
You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace has no place;
You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to know;
You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;
You are straining, you are striving through the dark days and the fair,
But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you or would claim your care awhile;
Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lovely pasture still
And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill,
You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care,
But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment; trouble haunts you in your dreams;
It is long since you have loitered on the banks of shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they have made so clean and white
And have polished at their leisure and their pleasure day and night;
You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet old air,
But, with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

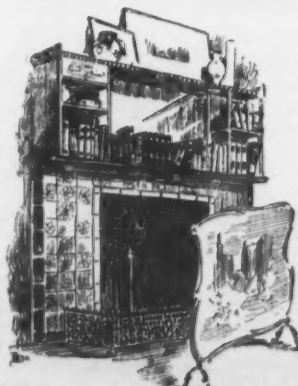
You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in heart and mind;
You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste to push ahead,
And along the ways you travel bitterness and grief are spread;
You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,
But, with all your cruel striving, are you getting anywhere?

Out beyond you there is silence that no man may ever wake;
In the distance there is darkness that no morning's light may break;
At the journey's end dishonor is for those who day by day
Cheat their souls and dull their senses as they rush upon the way!
You are passing many pleasures which you have the right to share,
As you rush to fill the hollow men will dig for you somewhere.

—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald

M. R. MORT PAYNE, veteran of the Shinnecock golf course, is in charge of the work on the National Golf Links of America, at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. Fifty of America's millionaire golf cranks have contributed \$1,000 each for the construction of this standard course, which will have all the important characteristics of the famous golf links of Great Britain. The National Golf Links is practically a straightaway course about 1,000 yards wide, the return course paralleling the first links to the 16 tee of the Shinnecock Hills course.

BERLIN is excited over the rumor that the third volume of Bismarck's biography will be published in the autumn.



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Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the District of such intention.

W. W. CORT,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, Aug. 19.
IN the last issue of the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association is an article by Professor Macnaughten in which he argues to restrict the liability of bank shareholders to the amount of their original investment, or in other words, he favors the abolishment of the double-liability clause of our Banking Act. He says: "A depositor (if he has a savings bank account) is drawing from the bank 3 per cent. To such a depositor the bank is a money-making machine to the extent mentioned; while he further has the enormous advantage of being protected by government regulations to a large extent (and possibly to the total sum) of his deposit. In periods of average prosperity a purchaser of shares in any of the leading banks will not at the price he has to pay for such shares get much more than 4 to 5 per cent. He will not, therefore, on the average get more than 1 1/2 per cent. above the depositor in the savings bank department. On the other hand (even without the double liability), his position in case of the suspension of the bank is immeasurably inferior. Before he can recover a cent of his investment all the depositors will have to be paid in full, and in case of a bad failure, he will get nothing. Suppose, for instance, that a brother and sister (whom we will call A and B), to have each received five thousand dollars on the death of an aunt. They each place their legacy in a bank of apparent stability, but Mr. A (who is waiting for the opportunity of a good investment) places it on deposit, and Mrs. B, who is a widow, buys shares of the bank to yield her, say, 5 per cent. In six months' time, owing to some unexpected and unforeseen cause the bank fails. Observe the difference between the two interested parties. A gets out of the fiasco with \$5,075 in his pocket (representing the principle and interest for six months); while his sister, Mrs. B, in any case may lose the whole of her \$5,000, and (under the present Canadian law) may be liable for an additional sum besides.

"There is surely no reason in justice or common-sense why depositors and shareholders should receive such different treatment. Every depositor can potentially place his money in a savings bank account; and this being so the advantage which the shareholder has over the depositor in the matter of increased returns is not on the average more than about 1 1/2 per cent. In other words, the shareholder does not get more than 50 per cent. advantage so far as interest is concerned. On what principle then, should he, so far as liability is concerned, be subjected to a loss of 200 per cent? The theory that depositors alone require protection is surely incorrect if we regard the question from a practical point of view. As a matter of fact, I suppose, at least, 95 per cent. of the shareholders of any given bank are as much at the mercy of the directors as are the depositors. Both classes (shareholders and depositors) belong to the general public; and it is a want of appreciation of this fact which has led to so radical and (in my opinion) unjust treatment of the one class as compared with the other."

I am afraid very few people who give any attention to financial matters and banking will agree with Professor Macnaughten in his contention that depositors and shareholders should have the same interests and equally the same protection under our banking legislation. Depositors are the largest creditors of a bank, and have no say whatever in its management. They are the general public. Shareholders have, or ought to have, the control of the bank in which they have bought an interest through their shares. They are the proprietors. And it is only right that legislation should impose upon them the responsibility of making good to the general public (the depositors) in case of bad management or default. The relationship between depositors and shareholders is the same as between customers or clients and the manufacturer or tradesman. But thanks to the Canadian Banking Act, the involuntary creditor (the depositor) receives more protection than the customer of a manufacturer, for instance, with whom he deals. Our banks deal largely in credit, and consequently it is necessary for them to instill the greatest amount of confidence in the public. It is through this confidence that bankers get the greater part of the money to carry on their operations. Roughly speaking, the discounts and loans made by our banks aggregate \$650,000,000, while their fully paid-up capital is less than \$95,000,000. The depositors supply them with over \$600,000,000. The greatest confidence on the part of the public is therefore necessary to give the banks money with which to do business. The proprietors, or in other words shareholders, if they abuse the trust reposed in them, as they have done on recent occasions, must suffer. The defalcations and bad management of recently failed banks were not due to the Canadian Banking System, but to the inability, lack of judgment, and carelessness of directors who were elected to their positions of trust by the shareholders themselves.

The writer in the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association says that the shareholder has an advantage of only 1 1/2 per cent. over the depositor. That is, in buying stock the shareholder will probably get a return of 4 1/2 per cent., while the bank pays 3 per cent. interest to the depositor. He forgets that most of our leading banks have issued in the past five years much additional stock, which was sold to shareholders at greatly reduced prices from open market values. Many shareholders have kept their original stock five years, and taken up the new allotments, have at least made 8 to 10 per cent. on their investments. But during all that period, with money at times worth 7 to 8 per cent. to the banker, the depositor was paid only 3 per cent. Too wide a margin altogether. I believe the Bank of England scales its rate to depositors in accordance with the discount rate it charges business men.

Professor Macnaughten goes to say: "Every company composed of shareholders must (at least, to some extent) depend for the success of its operations on the attractiveness of its shares to the investing public. To this rule a banking company offers no exception. Every such banking company may be regarded as competing in the open market, not only with other banking companies, but also with industrial companies of every kind for its fair share of the patronage of the investing public. Anything that will detract from the attractiveness of a commercial company as a suitable field for investment must harm that company. And still more, anything which detracts from banking companies as a body, and renders

their shares less attractive as investments to the moneyed classes, must surely be prejudicial first to the banking companies themselves, and incidentally, but none the less actually, to the whole community."

The above would indicate that the Professor would like to see higher prices for bank shares. We can agree with him in believing that if the double liability of bank shareholders were erased from the Act, prices of bank stocks would advance. But they might, perhaps, become too speculative. Conservative bank managers do not like to see the shares of their banks too high. They offer too great a temptation to even big men to sell, and it has happened more than once in Canada that a first-class corporation saw the beginning of its end when the stock was above intrinsic value. A moderate price, the investment in which will about return the current rate of interest, is the best condition for a bank stock to be in. It is a question if conservative investors or bankers would like to see the Double Liability Clause dispersed with. As at present trust companies are legally allowed to invest in bank stocks. These institutions, if wisely managed, are successful. And while protecting the depositor, the privileges accompanying a bank charter are so liberal that an intelligent investor ought to have no scruples in buying bank stock if he has implicit faith in its officers and management.

MONTREAL, August 19th.
THERE is something unique in the manner in which the Canadian Northwest Land Company does business. I notice that they are now paying off four dollars per share on their capital, which brings the par value down to one dollar per share, at which figure it will remain until the company eventually sells out all its land and winds up its affairs. Paying off the stock is one method of declaring dividends, and the large sum of money which the lucky holders will receive for their comparatively puny investment is something to contemplate and wonder at. The total shares outstanding number 58,681, and this, of course, represents just that many dollars at par. The company has upward of 500,000 acres of land unsold, but we will call it an even five hundred thousand for good measure. The average per acre during 1907 was a little better than \$11.50 per acre. It is fair to presume that prices for this land will not depreciate, therefore, we will multiply the land on hand by the average for the last full year, leaving off the odd 50 cents per acre for expenses. The result is \$5,500,000. Divide this sum among the 58,681 shares, and it gives a value to each of well on to \$90 per share, or ninety times its par value. Add to this the company's interests—a large item—in town sites, and "balance to be received on land contracts," amounting to nearly two millions, and some conception may be gained of the value of these shares even after all the handsome profits which have already accrued. Practically all this wealth belongs to a little group of capitalists, among them being Sir William VanHorne, Robert Meagher (by far the largest stockholder), E. B. Osler, of Toronto; R. B. Angus, W. C. McIntyre, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Lord Strathcona, and Thomas Skinner, of London England; all men who had faith in the Canadian West. Fifteen years ago a little Canadian syndicate, composed largely of the gentlemen already named, purchased from its English owners 2,200,000 acres of good land located mainly in the present Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The price paid was ridiculously small as viewed from our day, so small, indeed, that those English gentlemen must feel like kicking themselves every time they think of it.

Speaking of money makers in Canada reminds one that Montreal has a bank, the like of which as a bank stock investment, does not exist in the Dominion, though the ins and outs of the business are but little known even in this city. This is the City and District Savings Bank. This bank exists under a special charter, differing in many ways from all other banking institutions in the country. It is primarily a savings bank, issues no bank bills, and is not a member of the Clearing House, doing its business there through a representative. On its books are upwards of ninety thousand open accounts, all in the main office or branches in the city of Montreal; there being no outside branches. The bank's original subscribed capital was two millions, but it was never found necessary to call for more than \$600,000; therefore, the five thousand shares originally cost their holders \$120 per share. The last sale of this stock was at the rate of \$425 per share, and during the year each of these shares has been credited with dividends amounting to \$20, and there is every prospect that within a twelve month the stockholders will not only be getting this \$20 per share, but a bonus as well, the reserve account having reached such proportions as it is not deemed at all necessary to further enlarge it. The Canadian stock broker is very largely interested in the old City and District Bank, for there he obtains a very large proportion of his call loans. Another specialty of this bank is the purchase of municipal and school bonds, of which they always have many millions on hand. It is with this institution that the wealthy Seminary of St. Sulpice does a large share of its banking, and well I remember one day some years ago when some foolish persons spread rumors and caused a run—all without the least foundation in the world—the black robed head of the Seminary mounted a box in the middle of St. James' street and urged the surging masses of men, women and children to go their way and leave their money where it was. And the priest's words acted like magic on that crowd. Strange as it may appear its list of stockholders is largely made up of those connected with other banking institutions; men like Hon. Robert Mackay, and the Molsons of the Molson Bank.

Owing to dishonest employees the Canadian Pacific railway has got itself into a peck of trouble with the Canadian customs, for now the Attorney-General's department has entered suit against the company for a no less sum than \$236,000, the same being demanded for goods put through the customs fraudulently by undervaluations, etc. For some years the company employed a man named David Hobbs as a customs clerk. It afterwards developed that the gentleman with the unpoetic name had made a business of undervaluing goods, even to bridges which he put through the customs as scrap iron, and Canadian scrap

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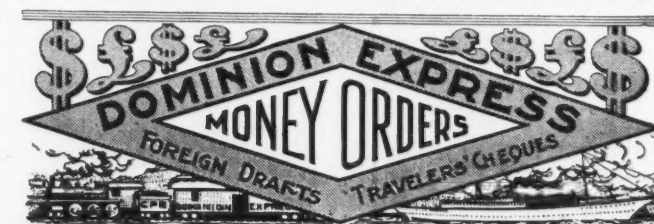
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at that. In time Hobbs was brought to book, and is now serving a term of four years in the penitentiary. But it seems that while Hobbs got his in the way of a sentence, the Government did not get theirs in customs duties, hence the suit.

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THAT Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following: "You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered, not for having been a great lawyer nor for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage." "And your grace," answered Brough-

am, "will be remembered, not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!" "Oh," said Wellington, "damn the boots, I forgot 'em."

SIR RICHARD BETHELL, afterward Lord Westbury, with a suave voice and a stately manner, nevertheless, had a way of bearing down the foe with almost savage wit. Once, in court, he had to follow a barrister who had delivered his remarks in very loud tones. "Now that the noise in court has subsided," murmured Bethell, "I will tell your honor in two sentences the gist of the case."

Mother—What did Mrs. Meanly give you for cutting her grass? Willie—Nothing. Mother—Why, she promised you to cents, didn't she? Willie—Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me to cents for the use of it.—Pioneer Press.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to want me!"—Boston Globe.

understand the American who feels on a cricket in

cannot be that he shall see, during a July week-end, a typical country house and its pleasures.—*Lady's Pictorial*

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If you have the stamina to plug through this little story, you will find out why the Smiths have a telephone and no servant girl, and why the Joneses have a girl and no telephone. Is it worth while?

The two men are friends in Toronto, or rather they are until this meets the eye of Smith. As far as Jones is concerned, he will be willing to continue the friendship, as he has found it profitable; but Smith is likely to take another view, in which he will have the approval of Mrs. Smith.

The story really begins with the invention of the telephone 'way back in 1875, but a start can be made a generation or so later, when the Smiths lost their hired girl who had been with them for years. In the month that followed this disaster, they sampled five girls, but concluded not to go any further with any of them. Then ensued four gloomy, helpless months in which Smith had to leave the office early, to assist with the dinner. In that period he learned to cherish a fine old Tory contempt for the late Mr. Gladstone, for he learned that it was Gladstone who said a man should always leave the table, feeling that he could sit down again and eat as much more. From which, Mrs. Smith's gifts as a cook may be surmised.

Then came a time when flesh and blood—what there was left of them—could stand it no more, and Smith began to take his dinner down town at night. As he was a thoughtful man, he concluded it would be only fair to notify Mrs. Smith on those rare occasions when pressing business did not detain him after office hours. It was worse than useless to go home when his wife didn't expect him. So he got in a telephone—and this is one of the very telephones I spoke about at the beginning.

So a couple of months passed, and then the Smiths had the incredible good luck to get a servant girl fresh from England, and moreover, she was one of those English girls who frequently creep into stories, but so rarely into our daily life—(readers are requested to notice that she is in a story even now).

"She is certainly a daisy!" declared Smith. "Why, the meal she puts up would do credit to the King Edward! Say, how any sane man ever could stand for that faker Gladstone—"

Jones listened without enthusiasm, for Jones was a man whose interest was confined to his own affairs, and he and his wife had a domestic treasure of their own. Her chief advantage in the eye of the calculating Jones was a haunting homeliness that made witnesses forget their own troubles. Jones said that she would never be married, which seemed to somewhat understate the case. He was a crafty man, but he forgot that there was a shortage of wives in the West just as there was a shortage of hired girls in the East, and that in consequence there was considerable "doubling up" in these roles. To his amazement he learned that a middle-aged rancher had proposed to Annie, and desired to marry her forthwith. When he learned that the rancher had also seen Annie, he was so much amazed that he was unable to think up any good objections to the match, and after feebly urging Annie to be in no hurry, he succumbed; and Annie went to the West.

From that day onward Smith's unflagging praise of the English girl, Mary, became absolutely nauseating to Jones.

"What's the matter with your shirt?" he asked sourly, one morning.

Smith glanced proudly at his gleaming bosom, but answered carelessly, "Why, Mary washed it."

"What did she wash it with?" demanded Jones.

"What do you suppose she washed it with?" retorted the other warmly.

"Oh, I thought she might have been trying to introduce the good old English custom of doing the washing in beer," replied Jones, staring at the shirt.

"Well, you think again! I tell you that girl's a wonder, and she's got a laundry faded!"

"She's got more than the laundry faded," said Jones, and walked away when Smith began to think of a good one.

As a matter of fact, the sample of Mary's skill as a laundress, had filled Jones with jealousy. He received another stab when Smith happened to mention that he was paying her only \$8 a month.

"Eight dollars?"

"Yes, sir. Eight dollars is all we give," repeated Smith, proudly. "It's all she asked for, and we gave it to her cheerfully."

"Why, that girl could get twenty dollars a month if she's quarter as good as you say!" and Jones spoke in a highly moral tone. "Really, old man, I don't like to think of you running a sweat-shop! It's hardly fair to the girl, and you must remember she's a British subject." He paused for a moment, and then resumed thoughtfully, "No, and I don't think it's fair to the rest of us who are willing to treat these poor creatures decently."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Smith.

"What have you got to do with it anyway?"

"In the name of our common language, and our humanity, and the grand old flag that floats."

"Rats!" said Smith, and walked away.

SMITH came down the next morning late, and responded to no salutations. He insulted a valuable and exasperating customer, and later on swore at the telephone girl.

"What's the matter?" inquired Jones, when they met at lunch.

"Matter? Nothing's the matter!" answered Smith with awful sarcasm, "except that we've lost our servant girl, and I'd give fifty dollars to have hold of the cur that took her away!"

"How did it happen?" Jones spoke in a shocked voice.

"Well," burst out Smith, "some miserable cur found out that we had a good girl; and then had the insufferable impudence to ring up over the telephone and ask to speak to her. Yes, sir! He even had the gall to ask me to get her when I went to the 'phone, and like an ass, I did it."

"Not knowing what he wanted of course?" suggested Jones intelligently. Smith simply glared at him, and continued: "This fellow offered her big money—twenty dollars a month, and—"

"Did she say that?" asked the other quickly.

"He said it. At least he told her that rather than see her wasting her time with me he'd give her a dollar more than I'd offer her, even if I'd offer her twenty, and he made her promise to go on this understanding. Well, when I heard that, I was so mad that I fear that I must

have been rather unpleasant, for I said that I'd give her no more than she was getting. So she left this morning!" "You did right in not raising her wages!" declared Jones, shaking hands with unexpected cordiality. "It was a hold-up!"

"Yes," said the other gloomily, "but the mischief of it is that that miserable cur gets her for a measly nine dollars a month!"

"Never mind that," said Jones, cheerfully. "You stood up for principle, and deserved credit."

"That's all right, but if I knew where she was I'd willingly give her fifteen dollars to come back."

"I suppose she didn't say where she was going?" Jones asked carelessly.

"No. He made her promise not, because he said he feared we might be annoyed. Though I don't know how he guessed. She said that she thought it was into a minister's or a missionary's family, by the way he talked to her—him!"

They left the restaurant together, but as they were passing the telephone office, Jones turned in.

"Expenses a little heavy," he explained, "and I'm going to have my 'phone taken out."

I wish to heaven I'd never put one in," said Smith.

To John Keats.

O H, gentle Poet of immortal youth,
Eternal spirit in the guise of man
Here yield I thee the homage due, in truth,
Which all must yield thee who thy pages scan.
Prince of sweet singers, since my soul began
To measure word with word in airy rhyme,
Or with soft music wield, as poets can,
The soul of love against the power of time:
Thine was the dearest strain, the sweetest song,
Dew-beautiful, aerial and fair;
As those dusk tints which to the dawn belong,
Ere yet red Morn has flushed the am'rous air:
Withal as strong and deep as spirit's youth,
Immeasurable as is unmeasured Truth.

ALBERT R. MUNDAY.

Kawendi, Man.

Some Stories of Grover Cleveland.

JOEL BENTON, writing in the Forum gives, in the course of an article reviewing the career of the late Grover Cleveland, a few anecdotes which throw an instructive sidelight on the personal character of the man. He was able to have opinions of his own.

A little incident, not widely known, I think, illustrates this absolutely achromatic detachment which he maintained invariably as a public servant. In the fall of 1884, when he was Governor, and candidate for President, and votes in this State were an overwhelming desideratum, he was told by the political managers of his campaign that there were several hundred idle workmen, or men who would soon be idle, who were on the Capitol and other State jobs. To discharge them, they said, just before election, would be to bequeath their votes to the political enemy. The Governor asked if there was no appropriation for continuing their labors; and he was told there was none. "Then," said Mr. Cleveland, "there is nothing we can do." The hint that this one failure to do something might defeat him left him absolutely unmoved. What was right must be, though the heavens, and the Presidency too, should fail.

I have been told that when Mr. Cleveland arrived at the White House to begin his first term as President, he very soon stepped into the barn and stable set apart for the President's private use, and found there a bountiful supply of hay, and possibly grain. He at once, with some surprise, asked the coachman or stable man whose hay that was, and why it was there. "Oh," said the man questioned, "that's furnished by the Government." "But," said the President, "I want you to have that hay weighed, so that I can pay for it. The Government must not have to pay for my horse-feed"—or words to that effect. In this, as in the famous Texas seed-distribution case, the matter itself was not one of magnitude; but it antagonized a principle that his own shining epigram made luminous, when he said: "It is not the business of the Government to support the people; it is the business of the people to support the Government."

Mr. Cleveland, when he went to Washington as President-elect, saw that city for the first time. He and Mr. Blaine, had, up to that occasion, never met. But it was a very graceful act of the defeated candidate to take a very early opportunity to see the new President. Each was highly pleased with the personality of the other, and with the interview; and the visit had an hour's duration. Before Mr. Blaine left the White House, Mr. Cleveland asked him what there might be that he could do for him. I believe there was only one thing—some appointment in Maine, I think—that Mr. Blaine suggested a wish about. And Mr. Cleveland replied to the effect that what he asked for should be done. After the sharp asperities of our frequently brutal Presidential contest, a little incident like this is pleasant to consider. It stands forth like the delicate Edelweiss, which flashes its beauty over a bleak Alpine gorge.

Mr. Cleveland's small acquaintance with the men of the country outside of his own State, when he reached the national capital, made it more necessary than it is usually said to be, for executive reliance on the word of Congressmen as to the character of those who sought for appointment to office. In one instance, it seems, a Western Congressman recommended a candidate so highly whom he wished to have in office, that the President appointed him. But it was soon found out that this appointee had once been imprisoned for a criminal offence. In other respects, and in his later history, he may, however, have averaged well with those seeking office. Yet Mr. Cleveland did not relish this betrayal of his confidence, which the Congressman had an opportunity to discover on a later call at the White House, and probably to remember forever after; for the President said to him on his second call, with sarcastic accent: "What other horse-thief have you come for, now, to have me appoint to office?"

BRITISH authorities of all sorts make no secret of the conviction, says the Sydney Bulletin, that Australia is due to hustle for itself, especially since by the adoption of the White Australia policy, we have thrown a challenge at Asia in which John Bull himself takes little interest, and have done it for the sake of an ideal that John Bull doesn't even pretend to understand.

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can actually be played with the aid of music-roll and treadles by any non-player, and can also be played by hand in the usual way. It is TWO PIANOS IN ONE.

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Has your complexion suffered as the result of the good times you had? For sixteen years Toronto ladies have used

COMPLEXION PURIFIER
To remove from their faces tan, freckles, sunburn and moth patches. It makes the skin delightfully clear and fine, and gives general satisfaction. By mail, express or delivered \$1.50.

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The last excursion this year, via Lehigh Valley R.R., September 4th. Particulars 54 King St. East, Toronto.

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CX.



CAPTAIN ALFRED LAROCQUE.
Late Inspector Royal North-West Mounted Police.
Graduate Royal Military College, 1892.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Royal Canadian Yacht Club's dance on Tuesday evening was easily one of the most enjoyable of the series, the night being cool and unclouded and the number present just right for the floor, which has never been in better condition. The usual small dinners were given before the dance, some of those entertaining being: Mr. H. D. Eby, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. G. Gooderham, who had a party of ten, Mr. F. M. Sloan, Mr. H. Brent, Mr. B. Henderson, Mr. G. Barton, Mr. T. Bradshaw, Mr. A. Simmons, Mr. J. Beatty, Mr. J. Livingston, Dr. Ross, Mr. J. Hynes, Dr. Grahame Chambers, Mr. Roy Buchanan, Mr. Arthur Ardagh and Mr. W. Hyslop. Some of those noticed at the dance were: Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Burtlett, Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Moody, Mrs. Findlay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, the latter wearing a lingerie frock over rose-colored silk and a hat with ribbons to match; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Glasco, the lady in a becoming lavender gown with black velvet and big black hat; Mr. Glasco has since left for Winnipeg; Mrs. J. T. McLeod, the Misses Francis, (Niagara Falls), were in palest yellow chiffon and pink respectively, and had ribbons of the same shade in their hair; Mrs. Bogert, Mrs. McCutcheon, Miss Luttrell, Mrs. Boyson, Miss Chandler, Miss H. Allan, Miss Eastwood, Mrs. T. J. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, Mrs. Kleiser wearing a white embroidered frock and large straw hat with mass of fluffy marabout plumes of a pale apricot shade; Miss Aileen Robertson, wearing a lingerie frock and small hat with pink, was one of the most popular partners on the floor; Mr. and Mrs. Neely, the latter in a white gown with Irish lace coat and big black crin hat with white ostrich feathers; Miss McRoberts, Miss McIndoe, Miss Fairbairn, Miss L. Ellis, Miss Mona Murray, palest blue frock and lingerie hat with blue ribbons and roses; Mr. and Mrs. McMurtry, the lady in a blue coin spotted frock and blue hat of chrysanthemum straw with black feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Draper Dobie, Mrs. Albert Walker, Miss Dell Sylvester, palest mauve flowered frock and hat to match; Miss Florence McLeod was handsome in white organdie and lace and a big hat with paradise plumes, and corsage bouquet of mauve orchids; Miss Sewell was in mauve and white; Miss Lena Ellis, the Misses Bellingham, Miss Irene McLeod was in a mauve and white organdie princess Empire frock; Miss Beryl Dinnis was also in mauve and white and a hat with lilacs; Mr. Harold Franks, Mr. Steve Jones, Mr. Donald Bremner, Mr. Aemilius Jarvis and his second daughter, a debutante of next season, who was wearing a simple white muslin frock; Miss Chalmer, Miss Patteson, Mr. W. H. Morrison, Mr. Charlie Band, Mr. Alan McIntosh, Mr. D. Taylor, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Harry Grubbe and Mr. Harry Baldwin, who have recently returned from a delightful visit to England; Mr. Harold Scandrett, Mr. Bruce Robertson, Mr. Douglas Paterson, Mr. Ridout, Miss Clark, Miss Livingston, Miss M. Whitehead, Miss Goad, Miss Violet Lee, lingerie frock and hat with big pink taffeta bows; Miss Marjorie Fellowes, who came over late, wore a turquoise crepe de chine gown with cream colored lace; Mrs. Arthur Bell was in white and a big hat faced with cerise and massed with field flowers; Miss Evelyn Dickson wore white with touches of pale pink and a small black hat; Miss Doris Suckling looked very well all in pale blue; the Misses Webster were in mauve and pale blue respectively; Mrs. Dobie was in coin spotted organdie and a hat with fuschia wings; Miss Lois Duggan, who was over from Niagara-on-the-Lake for the day, looked her prettiest in a dark blue voile frock and hat with lilacs and roses; Miss Helen Armstrong was in pale green and a black and white hat; Dr. A. T. Davies, Mr. Porter, Miss Stockwell, pink flowered organdie and lace and big black hat with taffeta bows; Miss Clark, of Pembroke, who came with Mr. Alan, wore white and pale blue and a small hat with white ostrich feathers; Miss Gladys Hogaboom wore pale pink and a hat with roses and pink tulle ties; Miss Gladys Rogers was a very pretty girl all in pink and a hat massed with roses; Miss Edna Cosby was in white with a black hat; Dr. Dinnick, Dr. Ross, Mr. Merry, Mr. Murphy.

The Hon. R. A. Pyne and Mrs. Pyne are spending the summer in England.

A few of the girls who will make their debut next season are: Miss Kathleen Burns, Miss Marjorie Macdonald, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, Miss Gladys Armstrong, Miss Marguerite Cotton, Miss Maud Arthurs Weir, Miss Muriel Bruce, Miss Jessie Cassells, Miss Brough, Miss Warren, Miss Saunders, Miss Blake, Miss Braithwaite.

The latter part of this week at Niagara-on-the-Lake has been fully occupied for the local golfers and their friends

by the Queen's Royal Golf Club's fifth annual tournament, held at the Mississauga links, which are in first-class condition and provided a sporty game for the competitors, who were many. Besides the golfing events, for which a large number of handsome prizes, including cups and medals, were provided, a golf tea, a golf smoker and a golf dance were held for the amusement of the golfers and lookers-on. On Thursday evening the Queen's Royal held its usual fancy dress ball, which marks an epoch in the lives of Niagara's young folks, who vie with each other in devising new costumes which are kept a dead secret until the eventful night, when they are sprung as a glad surprise upon admiring relations and friends. The Wednesday evening hop was well patronized and last Saturday night a record-breaking crowd attended the dance which was most enjoyable, the event of the programme being a twenty-five minute two-step played by a long-suffering orchestra as a slight revenge on the encore fends, who, dance after dance, worry exhausted, perspiring musicians for just a little more. There was the usual crowd of eager partners for the girls at the dances, Niagara seeming to be the only summer resort in Canada where there are always men to burn and there are no rows of sighing damsels languishing against the wall, sniffing the air for partners as each dance begins. At the Queen's the fascinating staff is always in evidence, and the few who withstand the manager's fatal beauty invariably lose their hearts to the entertainer. Mr. George Gooderham was over in his yacht on Saturday and came up to the dances accompanied by Mr. Mark Howard Irish and a party. The Hon. J. J. Foy and his daughters, just back from Temagami, were among those present, also pretty Miss Lois Duggan and her sisters, who bid fair to be her rivals in beauty and vivacity; Mr. and Mrs. Curry, with their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fell, Mr. and Mrs. Monro, Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Miss Heward, Miss Lou Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Snydam and their two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. Coldham, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Foy, Mr. Lock, Miss Sara Lansing. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cambie were over at Niagara one day last week and dined at the Queen's. Mr. Wheaton was over for the week-end, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Curry, who are residing at the Queen's for some weeks longer. Some others registered during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis and their son, Mr. Rector, Mr. Langdon, Miss Dell Sylvester, who went over and lunched with her friend, Miss McLean, of New York. On Sunday evening the usual orchestra concert was given at the Queen's, the programme including "Twilight Murmur," by Mr. Schultz, the leader. On Monday the historic International Tennis Championships will begin on the Queen's Royal grass courts, which have witnessed the performances of Avery, Taneer, Mansfield, Hovey, Matthews, Larned, R. D. Wren, Leo Ware, Whitman, Beals C. Wright and other celebrities of the lawn tennis world, Irving C. Wright and Miss May Sutton being amongst last year's winners. A great many valuable prizes are offered and will be presented on Saturday evening at the tennis dance in the Casino, which will be the scene of a smoking concert on Friday night. Mr. Fred Somerville was over at Niagara last Saturday and went on to Buffalo in his car.

A very interesting portrait just being completed in Toronto by Mr. Forster is that of the Right Rev. Dr. Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of all Canada. The picture, which is life size, represents the bishop in his robes of office, and is intended as a memorial to be placed in the Winnipeg University of Manitoba, of which he was elected the first chancellor on its organization. Dr. Machray came to Canada in 1865 to take up the work of organizing the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company westward from the boundary of Upper Canada. His first diocese, therefore, covered many thousands miles to the north and west of limits hitherto marked by State and Church, and the task of missionizing the roving Indian tribes and the adventurous white men who were beginning to settle on the fringes of this great lone land was one that might have appalled the stoutest heart. Though the Rev. James Evans and others had been into this country twenty-five years before, the coming of Dr. Machray was the first effort at an organized plan on the part of the Church he represented. A true missionary bishop always, Machray kept the moral and intellectual welfare of his scattered flock always before him, and with an energy in keeping with his giant frame he set himself to the work, travelling by canoe, dog-train and snow-shoes over the vast tracts of land now embraced in the western half of the Dominion.

Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Wheldon, of Montreal, are at the Queen's Hotel this week.

Mrs. Charles Robertson, 492 Euclid avenue, has returned from England, where, for the past two months, she has been visiting relatives and friends. Miss Edith Worden, L.R.A.M., London, England, member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and cousin of Mrs. Robertson, returned with her and intends making her home in Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Edith DeLamater, granddaughter of Henry DeLamater, B.A., and Ernest A. Steiner, son of the late N. L. Steiner, was solemnized on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's grandparents, on Brunswick avenue, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jas. Robertson, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, after which Mr. Frank Bemrose sang "Dear Heart of Mine." After their return from a trip East, Mr. and Mrs. Steiner will reside at 106 Admiral Road.

Mrs. Harry E. Baine, and her two little sons, has come up from Ottawa on a visit to her mother, Mrs. W. R. Squarey.

Judge and Mrs. Gunn, of Ottawa, have gone for a trip to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

BARBEY D' AUREVILLE, a French author, one day invited a friend to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant, and in ordering the dinner, concluded with fresh strawberries, although the fruit was not then in season. The bill, Barbey knew, would be a stiff one, but when it was presented the total was beyond his worst expectations. After fumbling in all his pockets he found his funds left no margin for the waiter's tip. "Has not the dinner been satisfactory?" the polite attendant whispered. Barbey answered that it had been perfect. "But monsieur has forgotten—" "The pourboire? Oh, yes, it is here," said he, pointing to his plate on which he had left some of the dessert. "Seven strawberries at three francs apiece, twenty-one francs. Exchange them, my friend," he added with a magnanimous gesture, "for money at the cash counter!"

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REASON---AND A WOMAN
and a Woman's Reasons for Going to
THE N.W. PEMBER STORE

Some melancholy, morbid and morose old bachelor undertakes to tell us that woman has no reasoning power. We won't attempt to say what we think of his opinion. We fear it would be too strenuous for the printer to put into type.

We know that for year in and year out women from all over Canada and the States have been coming to and writing to this store about their hair. They have reasoned out why as impregnable as Gibraltar.

REASON

TELLS THEM THAT THE STORE THAT IS ALWAYS ORIGINAL AND NEVER AN IMITATOR, ALWAYS PROGRESSIVE AND NEVER SATISFIED WITH ITS OWN RESULTS, ALWAYS PAINSTAKING, SCRUPULOUS AND DESIROUS OF DOING THE BEST THING AT ALL TIMES, is the store for their patronage. The old store was all that. The new store is all that--and more.

CALL IN AND INSPECT THE IMPROVEMENTS.

THE NEW PEMBER STORE, 127-129 Yonge St.

The Summer Hotel Hostess.

THE summer hotel hostess has come to be a regularly established feature of the largest and most enterprising of mountain and shore resorts. To many women under the necessity of earning their own living this constitutes one method of bridging over the dull summer months, and of securing an outing in a manner most comfortable and inexpensive.

Return in actual money is seldom very great, but the hostess is given a good room, and is at absolutely no expense for laundry, service, carriages, boat hire, and the countless odds and ends of hotel expenditure. In addition, she has a small monthly salary, bringing her in anywhere from one to two hundred dollars a season. As an illustration of the actual return there is the case of a widow with one little daughter, who for several summers has occupied this position at the same hotel. She has no fixed salary, but has two rooms for herself and her baby and maid, with every detail paid for, including railroad fare.

To the guests of this particular hotel Mrs. Blank is merely a very charming woman, with a talent for organizing all sorts of gayeties, and with so many accomplishments. To announce her as a paid hostess would be to weaken the campaign for which she has been engaged. The returning patrons are established on their arrival, in the same rooms, which she assures them, she retains from one season to next.

And she is not thrust into the outer or rather inner darkness of back stairs or attic chambers. She must apparently have means enough to be near the rooms of the most profitable patrons. People are delighted to find someone ready to plan for a picnic, or a dance, or a ride to a place of interest, or a golf tournament. But announce to them that such plans are not entirely spontaneous, but cut and dried, from motives not entirely disinterested, and they resent what then seems like an intrusion upon their privacy.

The Cold Water Bag.

"YOU hear a lot of talk these hot days about the troubles folks have in getting to sleep," said the fat man who stays in town all summer. "The trouble with them is that they don't know how to keep cool."

His remarks aroused the chronic kicker.

"Sounds fine to me," he remarked. "You talk as if you really knew something. Perhaps you've got a cold air

current piped down from Greenland onto your bed or have your pillows stuffed with cracked ice. I don't suppose your pillow ever gets all sticky on these humid nights when there isn't a breath of air stirring; mine does, and I'll tell you you can't beat it. If you can, loosen up. We're listening. What's the answer?"

"Hot water bag," replied the fat man.

A chorus of jeers greeted his remark, so he went on to explain.

"I don't suppose it ever penetrated your thick skulls, did it," he asked, "that there are more than a few uses for a hot water bag? Never took one to bed with you in the winter, did you, when your room was so cold that the sheets seemed freezing together, and put it at your feet?"

"Never did enough thinking with that idea factory of yours, did you, to realize that a hot water bag can be a cold water bag just as well?"

"When I want to spend a comfortable night and dodge the discomfort of a hot feather pillow that seems hotter than the sun-soaked asphalt, I get out my three-quart hot water bag. I fill it with ice water, not too full, but just so it's a little soft. Then wrap a smooth towel around it, and there's the finest hot weather pillow ever."

"Fill another one for your feet, and if you aren't comfortable in a little while you feel the heat worse than I do."

M. R. PILKINGTON had his wife's portrait painted by that eminent impressionist, McLimmer, and the work of art finished, Mary, the faithful retainer, was invited into the study to see it. "Do you know who that is meant for, Mary?" proudly inquired her master, while the artist modestly waited for the usual tribute of praise. "Oh, it's lovely! Of course I do, sir," replied Mary, who was unaccustomed to the study of impressionist work. "It's either you or missus."

Mrs. De Style--So your baby girl is three week old; my, how time flies. Mrs. Gunbusta--Yes; just think, in thirty years from now she will be twenty-one years old.--The Sphinx.

Hix--I always have Dr. Emdec. When my mother-in-law was at death's door he pulled her through. Dix--Which way did he pull her?--St. Louis Republic.

If our neighbors would only praise our virtues once in a while we might be willing to overlook their faults.

TWO AMBASSADORS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

FROM being in his hold of the de-
once was, which he was seated
land, according to which he was seated
sentatives, has both windows was
The agency to which he was seated
attributed is Lord Northcliffe's
He becomes the looked carefully under
in the "Character" on the platform
don Daily News, servant of the com-
reported fact that the carriage door
Arthur Pearson, attempt at intrusion.
trolling influence, little sigh of relief,
ready the owner on the middle seat
papers and we lit a cigar, and open-
which is the Daily paper.

comes, in finally headlines, which
Thunderer," their hours had been pla-
haps the Wells London, took up one
newspaperdom.

which we are que and JAPAN.
may upon the PION OF WAR.
is charged with ALS TO HER ALLY.
ized." Journalist AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE
writer, who signified NOW SITTING.
"had a moral themselves told all that
it has no more. The news had come
than the man, and following hard
Further:

"The old not itself was incom-
newspaper was that it was a respon-
sible adviser of the public. Its first
duty was to provide the news, un-
colored by any motive, private or
public; its second to present a certain
view of public policy which it believ-
ed to be for the good of the State
and the community. It was sober,
responsible, and a little dull. It treat-
ed life as if it was a serious matter.
It had an antiquated respect for
truth. It believed in the moral gov-
ernance of things.

"Lord Northcliffe has changed all
this. He started free from all con-
victions. He saw an immense, un-
exploited field. The old journalism
appealed only to the minds of the
responsible public; he would appeal
to the emotions of the irresponsible.
The old journalism gave news; he
would give sensation. The old jour-
nalism gave reasoned opinion; he
would give unreasoning passion.
When Captain Flanagan from the
calm retreat of the debtors' prison
was drawing up the prospectus of
The Pall Mall Gazette he said proud-
ly that it 'would be written by gen-
tlemen for gentlemen.' Lord North-
cliffe conceived a journal which in
Lord Salisbury's phrase was 'written
by office boys for office boys.' It was
a bitter saying; but Lord Northcliffe
has had his revenge. He, Lord Salis-
bury's 'office boy' of journalism,
was raised to the peerage by Lord
Salisbury's nephew.

"It was not the only case in which
time passed an ironic comment on
Lord Salisbury's views on the press.
When Gladstone repealed the stamp
duty and made the penny paper pos-
sible, Lord Robert Cecil asked
scornfully what good thing could
come out of a penny paper. A cheap
press, like an enlarged franchise,
nurtured his gloomy and fatalistic
mind 'red ruin and the breaking up
of laws.' And he lived to see him-
self kept in power by the democracy
which he had feared, and deriving
his support from the halfpenny press,
at which he would have shuddered.
He lived, in fact, to realize that there
is a better way with the office boy
than to drive him into revolution-
ary movements. It is to give him a
vote and the Daily Mail."

Lord Northcliffe, says this writer,
in a mood for aphorism, "is the com-
mon man in an uncommon degree."
He goes on:

"There is no psychological mystery

er. Two men of unobtrusive appear-
ance, quietly but unfashionably dress-
ed, were his nearest neighbors, one
walking a little behind, and the one
in front. No sign of recognition
passed between Stourton and them,
yet he knew very well who they were
and what their presence meant. On
board the steamer he made his way
at once to the cabin which had been
reserved for him. The two men or-
dered deck-chairs outside. With the
cabin door locked, the two of the
shrewd detectives from Scotland
Yard within a few feet of him, Stour-
ton felt fairly secure against even
such a man as Heslop Stanmore, yet
he never relaxed his watchfulness.
He neither ate nor drank. He simply
sat and watched the despatch-box.

At Calais the same programme was
repeated, only this time, without
speech but as though by previous ar-
rangement, the two men shared his
coupe in the train. Stourton, ignor-
ing their presence, behaved exactly
as though he had only himself to rely
upon. With the despatch-box upon
his knees, covered over by a thick
travelling-rug, he sat alert and sleep-
less throughout the whole of the jour-
ney. Still nothing happened. Paris
swallow.

The one principle to which his loy-
alty never falters is to be on the side
of the big battalions.

"I have said that Lord Northcliffe
is the common man in an uncommon
degree. You see it in this article in
Young Folks (Harmsworth's first
article, upon the subject of 'Amateur
Photography,' published in Young
Folks for 1881). Amateur photo-
graphy had just become popular. He,
a lad of eighteen, seized on it as a
stepping-stone to fortune. A little
later came the boom in cycling, and
Master Harmsworth, still in his
teens, became a cycling journalist in
Coventry. Sir George Newnes had
touched the great heart of humanity
with 'Tit-Bits,' and Mr. Harmsworth,
now a man of twenty-one, felt that
here was a field for his genius also.
He, too, would tell men that the
streets of London put end to end
would stretch across the Atlantic,
and that there were more acres in
Yorkshire than letters in the Bible.
Why should he conceal these truths?
Why should the public thirst for
knowledge be denied? And so, in an
upper room in the neighborhood of
the Strand, answers came to birth,
the prolific parent of some hundred,
or perhaps two hundred—I am not
sure which—offspring, ranging from
The Funny Wonder to The Daily
Mail, all bearing the impress of the
common mind in an uncommon de-
gree."

HOW TO REACH THE THOU- SAND ISLANDS AND ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

You can avoid the lake ride by
taking the handsome day train of the
Grand Trunk, leaving Toronto 9
a.m., for Gananoque, where steamer
is taken for afternoon sail through
the 1,000 Islands. If you are going to
Montreal by river, stop over at Alex-
andria Bay, taking R. & O. steamer
from there, reaching Montreal 6 p.m.
You can also remain in Toronto until
10.15 p.m. and take sleeper for King-
ston Wharf, joining R. & O. steamer
at 6 a.m. Secure further information,
tickets, etc., at City Office, north-west
corner King and Yonge streets.

"Now, did the missus shay 'ave only
two whiskies and get 'ome by twelve;
or (hic) 'ave twelve whiskies (hic)
and get 'ome by two?'—Sydney Bul-
letin.

said wearily. "O
sage."
"It is short enou
wered. "You are
Camillon that Eng
lutely to recognize
and the fact of
Russia, although a
to us, does not com
of our obligations.
selves not to move
Eastwards or to ac
to disturb the pre
power."
"The news," Sir
ly, "is good. Be
as to ring the bell
once."
Stourton moved
Sir Charles, draw
a moment looked
had some of the
street below. But
it was ever my
as well as some
the spruce fore-
ruffed grouse
the natives called
"Are you mad, St
bassador asked, ta
to go down
back.
"I am not sure,"
day vast flocks
wer. "At any rate
been congru-
risks. If you move
or forwards, I shal
a veteran
Sir Charles beca
that there would
tionless as a lay
We got down
leaned forward an
electric light all r
after mooring a
the creek.

The night was cold—a flurry of
snow occasionally rose, and a high
piercing wind made our position al-
most untenable.

The whistling of hundreds of wings
high overhead drove all thought of
going home from us, however, and
as I cautiously gave a call to them,
we heard the whistling wings cren-
cendo as the vast flock wheeled, and
a second later a dark mass whirled
over our heads, across the creek.

It was like firing into a cloud bank,
and as our four shots rang out we
could hear the "spat" of the dead and
wounded birds, as they dropped into
the water.

Our retriever, a "Yaller Dawg" as
our host called him, soon had over
a dozen fine black ducks ashore. The
dog was the most nondescript cur I
ever saw, but he was also the best
and most intelligent retriever that a
duck hunter could desire. Our host,
who owned this dog, was very proud
of him.

"What breed is he, Ed?" was Jack's
query one day, when we were getting
a wee bit bored by Ed's dissertations
on the dog's good points.

The genial Ed. looked hurt. He
turned his cud and expectorated on
the kitchen stove violently. "Why,"
he said, "he has got some setter into
him." "Yes, but what else?" persist-
ed Jack.

"Waal," said Ed, while another
stream of tobacco juice struck the
hot stove with a hiss, "Waal, I reckon
the rest is just yaller dawg."

But I am digressing. Another flock
of ducks came our way, down wind,
travelling like lightning and just then
the moon broke through a rift in the
clouds, and we could plainly see them
coming—clouds of them.

At fifty yards distance Jack blazed
away both barrels, but not a bird
dropped.

A second later they were past, and
as they rapidly wheeled, I poured both
barrels into the thick of them and
dropped nine.

Jack's experience had not taught
him that a duck flying towards one,
is almost shot proof. He took the
lesson to heart, however, but not
without muttering something about
"a fool for luck." We now had a
fine bag of birds and had we been
rational beings, we would have gone
home, had a warm drink and turned
in, but the sounds out in the bay told
us that huge flocks of geese were

What This Bottle Will Do

Here's a new thing—a wonderful thing—the invention of a German scientist—a bottle that keeps any liquid boiling hot without heat, or ice cold without ice—

The Thermos Bottle

No chemicals—no acids—nothing but one glass bottle inside of another with a space between from which all the air has been removed, forming a vacuum. All you do is simply pour in your coffee, or milk, or soup, or any other liquid as hot or as cold as you want it and the Thermos Bottle will keep it hot for 24 hours or cold for 72 hours.

Motoring Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquids you want at any temperature you like, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket to contain six bottles made for automobiles. Also a leather auto case for two bottles.

Outings When picnicking, yachting, hunting, canoeing—on any kind of trip—you can have hot drink or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

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SOLID
BI-FOCAL

No cement to clump.
No piece stuck on to drop off and break.
No conspicuous arched ridge or line to annoy the eye or suggest age.

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A little more than for old kind, but worth it.

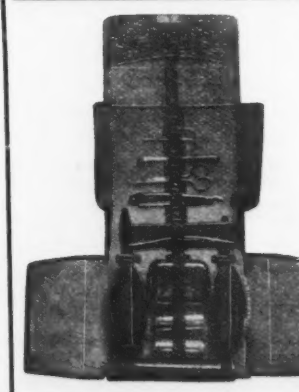
Let Others Drive.
A chap may have a touring car
Of sixty horse or so,
And scorn to hire a French chauffeur
To make the critter go.
Yet, though it be a boundless joy
To chauff your own machine,
Me for a quiet seat with her,
Right back in the limousine.
—Pick-Me-Up.

A Correspondent in Dundas writes:
"The Methodists of Dundas are ar-
ranging to celebrate the seventy-fifth
anniversary of the founding of their
Sabbath School on September 6 and
7, 1908—Sunday and Labor Day.
The church in Dundas was among
the first of the denominations in that
part of the old province of Canada
West, or Upper Canada, now known
as the Niagara Peninsula, and its
Sabbath School is one of the pioneer
schools of Ontario. It was founded
in 1832-33 by Benjamin Spencer, un-
cle of Prof. J. W. Spencer, the well-
known American geologist, who is an
old Dundas boy. The officials are
compiling an historical souvenir
booklet, and are sending invitations
to ex-scholars, who are now scattered
all over the world. It is proposed to
have a re-union of Dundas old boys
and old girls of the Methodist persua-
sion on the above date. Among the his-
torical institutions which at one time
flourished in connection with the lo-
cal church was the Wesleyan College,
which numbered among its students
Hon. Clifford Sifton and Hon. Mr.
Dunsmuir, the Lieutenant-Governor
of British Columbia. The late B. B.
Osler was a director of this college.
The present Superintendent of the
school, who, though quite young, has
held office for twenty-three years, is
W. A. Davidson. He and his staff
are endeavoring to locate as many of
the former Methodist residents of
Dundas as possible. The celebration
will doubtless prove an interesting
one."

I tried to cheer the poor fellow—
"It's only a little way now, Jack,
we'll soon be there."
Then the deadly numbness clouded
my senses and the idea of death lost
its sting as the chill crept through
my veins. Suddenly I caught sight
of a black mass in the water about
five hundred yards away. I shouted
to Jack to make for it, and he put
very ounces of his strength into the
oars. Nearer and nearer we crept.
I could now make out a small reef.
We leaped overboard and found the

water up to our necks and soon had
the dory hauled up on the rocks.
There was a piece of driftwood ly-
ing there, and laboriously we worked
with our knives to make a plug for
our craft. This was soon done and
then we rowed for home with all
speed.
We had a vigorous rubbing and the
quantity of hot rum and water we
drank would have killed anyone
whose blood was not like ice water.
Both our faces looked like next
day and though Jack was all right
in a couple of days, I had a touch
of rheumatic fever, and even now
after many years, sometimes a twinge
in one shoulder reminds me of that
wild night among the ice cakes, when
Jack and I raced against death and
won by such a narrow margin.

Mike—Have you heard the latest
news? Pat—No; what is it? "There's
a penny off in the loaf." "Bedad, and
I hope it is off the penny ones."



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AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

SPORTING COMMENT

MUCH has been written during the past week about the horrible spectacle presented at the finish of the Marathon: the collapsing of Dorando, the exhausted condition of Hayes and Hefferon, and the general all-in appearance of the runners that finished away back, and the question naturally arises, "Will the result of the English Marathon tend to abolish the running of future Marathons at Olympic meets?" The sorry showing of the English ten and fifteen-mile champions has not caused the English writers to laud the Marathon distance any, and the reform element on this side of the Atlantic are advocating the elimination of the feature event.

Before decrying the Marathon race would it not be well to consider the fact that barring the original runner from Marathon to Athens, which resulted in the death of the bearer of the glad tidings that the Greeks had put it over their enemies, the running of 26 miles, or other long-distance races, has been noticeably shy of even temporary physical disabilities to the runners.

What's the answer? Well, when you look into it you will find that the promoters of long-distance races generally endeavor to fix the date of the race so that the men will be bothered as little as possible by the sun's rays; that is, on this continent the long-distance fixtures are held either in the early spring or the fall. The Herald Road Race, in Hamilton, the original race in America, was first held on Christmas day. That was considered far too late in the season, and the second running was switched to Labor Day. Now, anyone who remembers that September day when Frank Woods won, with Sandy Donald second, will agree with the writer that it was one awful bunch of dust and heat for the runners to gasp and stifle through, and it was unanimously decided that if Christmas was likely to be too cold Labor Day was the worst of the two extremes, and the promoters of the race decided upon making it a fixture for Thanksgiving Day.

Although the date has shifted from November to October and back again to November, the cool weather of the autumn has been found just about ideal for long-distance running, and the men run some faster on this continent than they did in England or Greece.

No one wants to be accused of championing a branch of sport that is injurious to the health of the contestants, but, as we have mentioned before on this page, Marathon runners require something different in weather conditions to that welcomed by sprinters and runners, and you all know that it would be the height of folly for the sprint men or the "lepers" to indulge in outdoor competition in midwinter.

THOSE performances of Bobby Kerr at Hamilton last Saturday, when he ran the 100 yards in 14 flat and the 220 around a turn in 21 1-5, which elips 2-5 from the furlong record for a circular track, clearly show that annexing a world's championship didn't cause Bobby to relax any. No straying from the straight and narrow for the fair-haired boy. And somehow the assertion that he would in no wise retire from the running game, now that he has reached the top, listens from here somewhat original. But it may prove to be a whole lot better than retiring for a while and then trying to come back.

CANADA'S cup of misery will surely be filled to overflowing if her lacrosse representatives do no better than her athletic team or rowing contingent. We have become somewhat callous to disappointments this summer, due to reading regret-to-report despatches from the seat of trouble, but won't it be just too awful if the inhabitants of the Old Land put it over the demonstrators of the game who hail from the land of its birth!

CON WALSH, John Flanagan and Ralph Rose, in an exhibition on the quay at Queenstown, each exceeded his former record respectively in the 56 lb. high throw, 56 lb. throw for distance and 16 lb. shot put. Walsh tossed the missile over 16 feet high; everyone who saw him in action last winter thought he could do it. Rose put the 16 lb. shot over 51 feet. Ralph tried hard to get over the 50-foot mark at the Olympic games but had to be content with winning without reaching 48 feet. Flanagan is apt to break a record any day he tries. He generally does

things to the hammer record every time out, and his throw of 39 feet 3 in. exceeded his former record by 7 inches. Of course these performances will not be accepted by the compilers of the record books, but they show that the men can do some better than they have in previous trials. However, the followers of the athletic game have, no doubt, read all about the exhibition on the quay in the daily newspapers, and if it were not to call attention to the fact that Con Walsh's suspension, handed out by Jas. E. Sullivan for competing at the unsanctioned meet in Buffalo, where Longboat first came under the A.A.U. ban, had not as yet been lifted, it would hardly be worth while repeating. But if Walsh is allowed to tour the United Kingdom with a band of Sullivan's best beloved point-getters, why all the hue and cry about Longboat? They were both in the same boat at the time and it has not been made public as yet that the other athletes who competed at Buffalo have been absolved by Sullivan. Every day brings forth something to wonder at in the A.A.U.'s tactics.

HAL CHASE, the famous first baseman of the New York Americans, at a dinner in Chicago responded to a toast on the Sporting Spirit.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Chase, "I knew a butcher who lacked the sporting spirit altogether. In a game one August afternoon the butcher tried to steal second. It was a clumsy attempt, he made a clumsy slide, and the umpire declared him out."

"Out, am I?" shrieked the butcher, wild with rage.

"It was a just decision and we all backed up the umpire."

"Out, hey?" the butcher roared. "Then out you all go from my field!"

LESLIE BOYD has returned from England and the Federation has received him with open arms and assured him that his action in protesting Longboat on the eve of the Olympic Marathon was in accord with their wishes. They spring the same gag to the press that Boyd made in England, viz., "To protect the Federation runners." 'Tis to laugh. Who are the Federation runners? Fred Noseworthy, the veteran snow-shoe runner, seems to be the whole bunch in himself, and although the C.A.A.U. men weren't a whole lot better in the race still its safe to say that Noseworthy has just about all he wants of the long-distance game, and therefore hardly needs the protection that Leslie Boyd was so solicitous to surround him with. And another laugh. If, as the Fed's say, Boyd's protest was not made at the instigation of Sullivan, how did it happen that Sullivan knew all about it and informed the Associated press that Boyd was carrying the protest around in his pocket days before it was entered?

Of course, as Mr. Boyd is one of the main squeezes of the Federation, we hardly looked for any condemnation of his tactics from that body, but the Federation is not the Olympic committee, and what Mr. P. D. Ross says to the naughty boy should be interesting in spots.

JUST while you're worrying about the decline of Canada's national game, through the rough element introduced by professionalism, don't overlook that amateur game in Brantford in which the penalty list was 36. That's going some for youngsters; they ought to develop into expert slaughterers in a few years.

THE fifth annual golf tournament has been on at the Mississauga Links at Niagara-on-the-Lake the last few days of this week. The course is in excellent shape and the greens in perfect order.

A Picture of Chicago

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY draws this picture of Chicago in his "American Sketches" (Blackwood): "The nearer the train approaches Chicago the drearier becomes the aspect. You are hauled through mile after mile of rubbish and scrap heap. You receive an impression of sharp-edged flints and broken bottles. The first impression of Chicago and the last is of an unfinished monstrosity. It might be a vast railway station built for men and women 20 ft. high. In its suggestion of horror Chicago is democratic. The rich and poor alike suffer from the prevailing lack of taste. The proud 'residences' on the Lake Shore are no pleasanter to

gaze upon than the sulky skyscrapers. Some of them are prison-houses; others make a sad attempt at gaiety; and are amazingly unlike the dwelling-houses of men and women. Yet their owners are very wealthy. The streets are as untidy as the houses; garbage is dumped in the unfinished roadways; and in or out of your hotel you will seek comfort in vain. There will be nothing to show the wandering New Zealander but a broken city, which was a scrap-heap before it was built; and the wandering New Zealander may be forgiven if he proclaim the uselessness of size and progress, if he ask how it has profited a city to build and sell all the corn in the world and in its destruction to leave not a wrack of comeliness behind."

On The Aisle

LUCINDA went into the playhouse, And said with a bright, cheery smile, "I've got a day off on next Wednesday, So give me a seat on the aisle."

Her brother came round in an hour And slipped a new bill from his pile, "If the house isn't sold," he demanded, "Just give me a seat on the aisle."

When father was through with his toiling, He stopped in the lobby a while; "The Mrs. and me," he informed them, "Want seats for this show—on the aisle."

The Smiths, who are in an apartment Where things are conducted in style, Sent one of the hall boys to purchase "A couple of seats on the aisle."

From the Esplanade Ferry to Brooklyn, They stood in a far-reaching file, Each telling the man at the window, "Here, gimme some seats on the aisle."

Some time they will build a new playhouse Quite narrow but stretching a mile, With two rows of seats down the middle— Each chair in the house 'on the aisle."

Choice of a Briar Pipe

A COLLEGE man who prides himself on the sweetness and color of his briarwood pipes and pretends to know a lot more about them than any ordinary smoker spent half an hour in a tobacco shop a few afternoons ago making an addition to his already large collection.

Some pipes he discarded because of the grain in the wood; there was too much stripe or too much birdseye, he remarked. When he found one which suited him he put it aside until he had gathered three or four which apparently were all right, and then came his final test to pick out the best of them all.

He held each with the bowl toward the light, then slowly rubbed his little finger inside. Two he discarded, then repeated the operation with the others until only one remained out of the discard. That one he bought.

"Want 'em smooth inside," he explained. "A briar pipe roughly finished inside the bowl isn't worth bothering with. I wouldn't take one for a gift; wouldn't take the trouble to try to break it in, for it will never be any good. It won't cake up right and it'll never be nice and sweet."

"I've got a theory that when the inside of the bowl is rough all the little edges and points of the wood char and burn the first time you smoke it, and a burnt pipe is no good. That's why I always take a pipe that has a bowl as smooth on the inside as on the out."

"Then it doesn't char but cakes up evenly and gets good in a little time. Maybe the theory is wrong, but it has worked out well in my own experience, and some of my friends who have tried it agree with me."

WHAT IS "FORMONA"?

"Formona" is a new, scientific liquid toilet vinegar—antiseptic and cooling and used by people of refinement. It is very healing and a great relief in hot weather. 25c. per bottle. E. G. West & Co., agents.

fifth annual tournament, ch are in first-class confor for the competitors, who rents, fo. which a large iding cups and medals. If smoker and a golf ent of the golfers and the Queen's Royal held marks an epoch in the no vie with each other are kept a dead secret y are sprung as a glad nd friends. The Wed-nized and last Saturday ended the dance which he programme being a ed by a long-suffering he encore fiends, who, d, perspiring musicians as the usual crowd of dances, Niagara seem- in Canada where there are no rows of sighing all, sniffing the air for the Queen's fasci- and the few who with- invariably lose their eorge Gooderham was came up to the dances rd Irish and a party. ghters, just back from sent, also pretty Miss id fair to be her rivals s. Curry, with their son Mr. and Mrs. Monro, ss Heward, Miss Lou their two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Mrs.

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It is this curing process that brings out the delightful aroma so noticeable in MOGUL Cigarettes.

The tobacco, being grown in the finest tobacco-growing district in Turkey and properly cured, is then shipped to Egypt, where it is blended.

MOGUL Cigarettes with cork tips, in packages of 10, cost 15c.

S. ANARGYROS

475

By Royal Warrant To His Majesty The King.
There is as much pleasure in eating ye fish, as in catching them, when ye
Worcestershire Sauce
made by ye olde firm of
LEA & PERRINS'
is used.
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. MONTREAL CANADIAN AGENTS



The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

THE TWO AMBASSADORS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

STOURTON, for the first time since he had left Downing street, released his hold of the despatch box. Both doors of the railway carriage in which he was seated were locked, on both windows were pasted a modest oblong label announcing that the compartment was reserved. There was no lavatory, and he had already looked carefully under the seats. Outside on the platform a liberally tipped servant of the company stood before the carriage door to prevent any attempt at intrusion. Stourton, with a little sigh of relief, set down the box on the middle seat opposite to him, lit a cigar, and opened the evening paper.

The great black headlines, which for the last four hours had been placarded all over London, took up one half of the paper.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

JAPAN APPEALS TO HER ALLY.

EMMON NAGASKI AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE CABINET COUNCIL, NOW SITTING.

The headlines themselves told all that was known. The news had come without warning, and following hard upon a slight Japanese reverse on the Yalu. But the news itself was incomplete. Already the mighty engines of Fleet Street were at work. To-morrow morning's papers would provide even more sensational reading. Barely two hours ago startling intelligence had been flashed across the Channel. Orders for the mobilization of the French fleet had already been posted. The two great Powers, who had, only a few weeks ago, amidst a shower of congratulations, concluded an agreement which seemed likely to ensure a permanent peace, were, with a suddenness which had no parallel in the modern history of nations, on the very brink of war.

The whistle sounded for the departure of the train. Suddenly Stourton was aware of some disturbance upon the platform. A tall, fair-haired woman, whose long opera-cloak imperfectly concealed her evening clothes, was trying to make her way past the official who stood before the carriage door. Stourton, with an exclamation of alarm, sprang to his feet and let down the window. Even in that moment of astonishment he did not forget his caution. He caught up the despatch-box and held it in his left hand.

"Esther!" he exclaimed. "What is it?"

The official stood aside. The train was already moving. She had almost to run to keep up with it.

"Heslop Stanmore is in Paris!" she cried breathlessly. "I found my maid sending him a telegram. He wanted to know—exactly—when you left. Take care!"

She could keep up no longer. She was already flushed and panting. He waved his hand re-assuring and shouted a farewell. Then he fastened the window and resumed his seat. "The little grey lady," he muttered to himself. "Esther's maid bribed—made friends with her down at —, of course. He can't think that I'm such a blithering fool as to walk into another trap. If he tries it—" Stourton's fingers clasped something in the pocket of his overcoat, and his face was suddenly hard. He was thinking of the weeks of misery which this man had caused him less than a year ago. Another conflict might end differently.

Stourton's nerves were almost perfect, but he would scarcely have been human if he had not been conscious of some anxiety. Any successful tampering with his mission might mean the kindling of the war torch throughout the world. It might mean the pouring out to waste of the accumulated millions of centuries of industry, it might retard the whole progress of civilization for many decades. The bare possibility of the thing was appalling. And yet when he stopped for a moment to reflect, the absolute security of his position was borne in upon him. He carried a fateful message with him, but it was a verbal one. There were no means of writing from him words which his memory and tongue could alone make real.

He had important papers, too, but they were in cipher—not the ordinary cipher of the Foreign Office, but a simple variation of it, to which, again, the only key had been committed to his memory and destroyed. The worst that could happen to him would be delay, and it was hard to see how even that could be engineered. These reflections brought him a certain amount of consolation, but he did not for a moment relax his watchfulness, though the train was speeding now on its way to Dover without any intervening stop. He sat quite still. The despatch-box was within easy reach, a loaded revolver upon his knee.

At the pier station he descended, making his way along the platform, and across the gangway, to the steam-

er. Two men of unobtrusive appearance, quietly but unfashionably dressed, were his nearest neighbors, one walking a little behind, and the one in front. No sign of recognition passed between Stourton and them, yet he knew very well who they were and what their presence meant. On board the steamer he made his way at once to the cabin which had been reserved for him. The two men ordered deck-chairs outside. With the cabin door locked, the two of the shrewdest detectives from Scotland Yard within a few feet of him, Stourton felt fairly secure against even such a man as Heslop Stanmore, yet he never relaxed his watchfulness. He neither ate nor drank. He simply sat and watched the despatch-box.

At Calais the same programme was repeated, only this time, without speech but as though by previous arrangement, the two men shared his coupe in the train. Stourton, ignoring their presence, behaved exactly as though he had only himself to rely upon. With the despatch-box upon his knees, covered over by a thick travelling-rug, he sat alert and sleepless throughout the whole of the journey. Still nothing happened. Paris was reached without incident.

Here on the platform the two men closed in upon him, one on either side. Although they had no luggage, they chartered a small station omnibus, and a few minutes after the arrival of the train they were on their way to the British Embassy. The grey twilight of dawn was already breaking over the city, but there were traces still on the boulevards of the excitement which throughout the night had kept the streets and cafes thronged with people. The news from the East had stirred Paris in the same degree as London. Everywhere it was agreed that a favorable reply from England to the appeal of her ally must mean war, and already momentous steps had been taken. Stourton smiled slightly as he looked in upon one of the still brilliantly lit cafes. He carried the news which was to decide the question of peace and war. A word from him, and these people might have gone quietly home to their beds. And that word was to be spoken during the next few minutes.

The omnibus drew up at last before the great white stone front of the Embassy. The three men alighted, and his two companions watched Stourton admitted. Then, raising their hats slightly, they turned away. Their errand was finished.

Stourton breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped inside the hall.

"Is Sir Charles better, Morton?" he asked the man who admitted him.

"His Excellency is complaining of his head a good deal, Mr. Stourton," the man answered. "Monsieur Camillon sent for him about midnight, and has only just returned. You will find him in the study, sir. He gave orders that you were to go straight in immediately you arrived."

Stourton did not hesitate for a moment. Already he was beginning to think of his bath and a whisky-and-soda. A few more such errands as this, and even his nerves would suffer. He crossed the hall at once and entered the study.

The room was dimly lit, but a familiar figure rose at once from the couch.

"At last, Stourton. Come here to my desk, and we'll have some more light. You have the despatches?"

"You are better, Sir Charles?" Stourton asked, as he drew out his keys and laid the box before him.

"Better, but abominably ill," the Ambassador answered wearily. "Everything here is in a ferment. Camillon has lost his head. There isn't a man in the Cabinet who can discuss the position of affairs calmly. What is it to be, Stourton?"

"Peace, Sir Charles," Stourton answered. "The whole thing will fizzle out in a few days. As a matter of fact, I think even you will be surprised at the message you will have to carry to Camillon."

"You have it there? Good! Ring the bell and order a carriage. I am nearly beside myself with pain, but Camillon is waiting."

Stourton glanced at the clock. It was barely six. Sir Charles was certainly in a very queer way. His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. His movements were the movements of a man racked with pain.

"It will take me an hour, sir, to reset the cipher," Stourton said. "In case of urgency I have the gist of the whole matter in a verbal message. Would it not be well if you delivered that unofficially to Monsieur Camillon, and I would undertake to have the despatch copied for you by eight o'clock?"

"It is a good idea," Sir Charles

said wearily. "Give me your message."

"It is short enough," Stourton answered. "You are to assure Monsieur Camillon that England refuses absolutely to recognize China as a Power, and the fact of her alliance with Russia, although a source of regret to us, does not come within the scope of our obligations. We pledge ourselves not to move a single warship Eastwards or to act in any way so as to disturb the present balance of power."

"The news," Sir Charles said quietly, "is good. Be so kind, Stourton, as to ring the bell. I will be off at once."

Stourton moved to the bell, and Sir Charles, drawing up the blind, for a moment looked down upon the street below. But though his fingers rested for a moment upon the knob, Stourton never pressed it. When Sir Charles turned round, he looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Are you mad, Stourton?" the Ambassador asked, taking a quick step back.

"I am not sure," was the calm answer. "At any rate, I am taking no risks. If you move a step backwards or forwards, I shall fire!"

Sir Charles became at once motionless as a lay figure. Stourton leaned forward and switched on the electric light all round the room. Then he moved towards Sir Charles. He was hesitating with a horrible perplexity. He had either made a most ghastly blunder, or he was the victim of an extraordinary piece of necromancy.

"Tell me the cipher exchange for March!" he asked with dry lips.

Sir Charles shrugged his shoulders. "Your journey seems to have upset you, Mr. Stourton," he said calmly. "Be so good as to address me, if at all, with more respect."

"The cipher exchange—for March," Stourton repeated doggedly.

Sir Charles laughed shortly.

"Do you imagine," he said, "that I am going to submit to a cross-examination from you? Have done with this folly, Mr. Stourton. Stand aside and let me pass!"

"You do not go alive from this room," Stourton answered hoarsely, "until—until—"

He leaned forward, and a sudden cry broke from his lips.

"If you attempt to escape, I shall shoot you like a dog!" he cried. "You are not Sir Charles. You are a wonderful masquerader, I admit, but that is what you are—an impostor. Come, off with your mask! Who are you, and what do you expect to get by this? Remember, you are covered, and I shoot straight. What have you to say?"

Sir Charles laughed—and at the sound the sweat broke out on Stourton's forehead.

"You there!" he gasped. "Where is Sir Charles? If you try to escape I'll kill you!"

"Escape, my dear nephew-in-law?" was the smiling reply. "How is it possible? I am not armed, and I am not fond of firearms. Escape! Why should I think of such a thing? I am interested here—interested and even amused."

Stourton was past taunts. To think that he had been outwitted after all was maddening, but his anxiety kept him cool.

"Where is Sir Charles?"

"Doubtless at Monsieur Camillon's," was the suave answer. "I believe that the first arrangement was that he should wait there for your coming. Unfortunately a violent attack of headache compelled Sir Charles—in my person—to return unexpectedly."

"And what do you propose to do now?" Stourton asked grimly.

Heslop Stanmore shrugged his shoulders.

"My young friend," he said, "I have no plans. I am in your hands. Lock me up, if you will. Put me anywhere, so that it is not necessary for you to stand with that diabolical little weapon pointed at my head."

Stourton walked to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he sat down in an easy chair and tried to think. All the time his eyes were fixed upon the pseudo-Ambassador.

"By means of a trick more or less ingenious, certainly lucky," he said thoughtfully, "you have obtained from me some very valuable information. The question which puzzles me is, how are you going to profit by it? That information will be placarded all over Paris by midday, and until midday you will certainly remain—my guest."

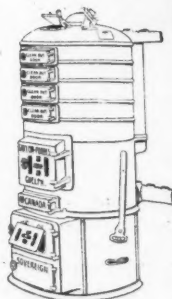
Stanmore smiled.

"I see your difficulty, my young friend," he remarked. "Let me help you, if I may. I had a use for your information, provided its tenor had been different. Five minutes earlier knowledge of war might have meant a good deal to me. The pacific intentions of your Government are simply of no interest to me. Take my parole, dispose of me as you will. I simply am not interested. If it had been more fateful news—that which

(Continued on Page 20.)



NORDHEIMER PIANOS



THE "SOVEREIGN"

Hot Water Heating with Reduced Coal Bills

The popular basis for calculating how much coal it takes to keep a house of a given size warm during the winter, is still based on the quantity that would be required to feed several individual stoves.

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Wherever comparisons have been available it has been found that in no instance has a "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler burned more coal than the warm air furnace required to produce the same service of heat, and in many instances it has taken as much as one-third less coal.

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Taylor Forbes Co., Limited, Toronto.

Fenelon Falls, April 11, 1908.

Gentlemen: Your Number 5 Sovereign Boiler, high base, installed by Morrison Bros., Lindsay, last fall, in my residence, has given me perfect satisfaction, with 15 radiators (894 sq. ft.) and only using eight tons of coal. I have been able to keep a temperature of 72 degrees or more, if required, during the most severe weather even when the mercury dropped to 38 below zero. I consider your system is perfect in every particular, and can highly recommend it to anyone requiring hot water heating. Yours faithfully,

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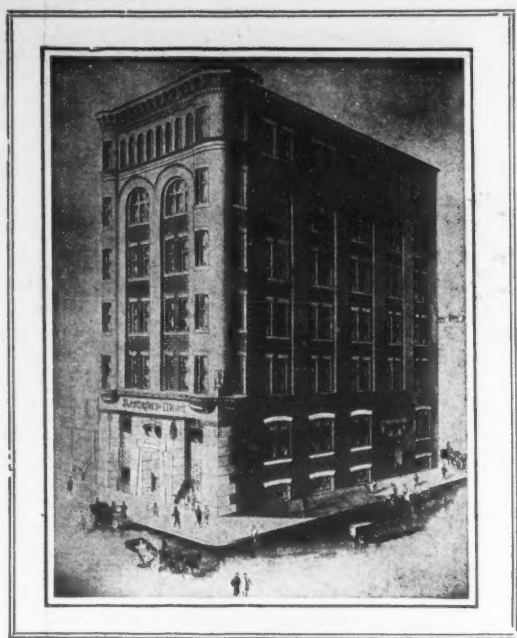
Brewed especially for those who can't drink ordinary Ale.

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"The Beer that is always O.K."

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As a summer tonic—to build up the system—this "O.K." Ale has no superiors.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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!? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ?!

AN ACTOR OF MERIT.

THE late Reuben Fax was a typical representative of that noble array of secondary talent which the English speaking stage boasts, that is to say, actors with no particular emotional or poetic quality but who can be relied on to give character performances full of vitality and human interest. He, indeed, was judicious and authoritative in a degree exceptional among comedians of his class. In the references to his death which have appeared in the Canadian press, nothing has been said of the first bit of his professional career which was made in New York in 1892, when he was a member of that splendid organization the Palmer Stock Company. He it was who originated the role of the old negro retainer in "Alabama" and played it with the Stock company so long as it remained in existence. Though then a young man of thirty-two, he gave a picture of the aged ante-bellum servant in walk, voice, manner and appearance so perfect as to convey an absolute illusion, and stood out distinctly in a cast that included, when the writer saw it in Toronto in the autumn of 1893, such splendid artists as J. H. Stoddard, E. M. Holland, Owen Fawcett, Maurice Barrymore, Walden Ramsey, E. M. Bell, May Brooklyn and Ida Conquest. Most of these actors are dead and the organization was so strong a one that on nights when "Alabama" was played E. J. Henley, Julia Arthur and other noted people were out of the cast. In the various other plays of the company's repertoire "Saints and Sinners," "Capt. Swift," "A Pair of Spectacles," Fax had small character parts, but his fine achievement was the negro in "Alabama." Of its kind it has probably never been surpassed. Fax was, indeed, destined to do his best work in co-operation with the late J. H. Stoddard, who was the leading figure in "Alabama." Years later, when the "Bonnie Briar Bush" was projected Stoddard, who had much to do in an advisory capacity with the production, suggested Fax for the role of "Posty," and the two remained together until the old actor was stricken down at Galt, Ont. Those who did not see the "Bonnie Briar Bush" during the first season of its production, when it was presented in the high price theatres never got the full flavor of the characterization. For some reason or other the production at first-class prices did not meet with financial success outside New York.

Mr. Kirke La Shelle had invested too much money in the enterprise to shelve it, and thought he saw in the play qualities which would appeal to the masses and put it out over the cheaper circuits with an inferior cast, retaining only Stoddard and Fax to play their original parts. Fax

as comedian, was obliged to "play down" to the expectations of popular-prices audiences, and the fine unctious subtlety of the first season's performance was lost.

As originally played Fax's "Posty" was as perfect a thing as his negro in "Alabama." He came of a stock to whom the Scottish dialect was second nature, and his sure knowledge of comic resource made every second of it authoritative. Undoubtedly he played it too long, but he was such a splendid foil to the emotional personality of Mr. Stoddard, and the number of actors who can play Scottish roles with skill is so limited that the management was ready to retain him at all costs. Nor would Mr. Stoddard, who, from the early days in Palmer's Stock Company, had regarded Fax as a protegee, have felt at ease without the latter to keep an eye on things. There was about thirty-five years difference in their ages, and the reliance of the worn-out, old man on the younger one in the prime of life was sometimes pathetic. Though as "Posty" the comedian played the toper inimitably, he had the reputation of being an actor who "took care of himself," but nevertheless his health was always more or less delicate.

Unquestionably, his return to the New York stage, after two or three years of what was practically barnstorming, meant much for him in an artistic way, and he was in line to make a long list of successful portraiture from season to season under the best auspices. It may, therefore be said with no exaggeration that his untimely death is a severe loss to the stage of this continent.

HIS NEW YORK CAREER.

THE permanent reputation of Reuben Fax, (writes our New York correspondent, J.E.W.), will rest on certain characterizations that have not been seen outside that metropolis. Two years ago he appeared with Miss Eleanor Robson in her New York season of repertoire, and proved the versatility, no less than the quality of his art, in a number of divergent and exacting roles. Of these, "Captain Starbottle," in the highly successful "Salome Jane," was perhaps the happiest example of his comedian's art. In this he played the part of an old Kentuckian transplanted to the West and bringing to its rugged soil something of the ceremoniousness of his Southern environment and antecedents. The character was deliciously compounded of waggishness and bluster, with just the proper touch of the grandiose gentleman, if that term be not too narrow. The bit of "business" of discreetly emitting tobacco juice, unobserved, as becomes a gentleman, with which the flow of conversation was usually opened, never failed to convey its humor and provoke the laugh. It was also as graceful an expression of and tribute to the national habit as one could wish for.

From "Posty" to this was a long stride artistically, and to this artistic performance was no doubt due his selection for the leading part he played in Mr. David Belasco's production of "A Grand Army Man" last season, the last, as it proved, in which he was destined to appear. In this he was cast for the part of a lawyer, ex-soldier and post comrade in a small Indiana town, where the scenes of the play were laid. It was a performance conspicuous throughout for dignity, reserve, refinement and even nobility of characterization. The entire trial scene he dominated—dominated by the sheer subtlety of his droning, and the strength and temerity of its underlying pathos. It does Mr. Warfield no injustice to say that the picture of that tall, lean, refined, intellectually ascetic figure, pleading with a relentless judge for a comrade's son remains in many ways, the most lasting and artistically satisfying memory of that production.

Either of these performances would stamp the actor an artist of conspicuous talent, and either portrait might be thought not unworthy to close a much longer career. What was in store for this gifted Canadian actor we can now only conjecture. We know, alas! that he leaves a serious gap in the dramatic ranks and a place in our hearts that will not soon be filled.

OVER HERE TO DO SOME BUYING.

AMONG the passengers who arrived in New York on August 14 on the SS. Kaiserin Auguste Victoria were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thorold, of London, England, who are visiting Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other places in Canada. Mr. Thorold has come over representing a group of capitalists in London for the purpose of looking into and, if considered advisable, purchasing some good Canadian investments, especially mining or real estate or industrials. Mr. Thorold formerly lived in Toronto, but has been in business in London for several years past.

POLITENESS IN QUEBEC.

ONE amusing episode of the sojourn of so many Torontonians in Quebec last month occurred on a crowded street car. It was a day so tropically hot as to make an average Ontario summer day seem like late autumn. The car was crowded with people from smaller French Canadian towns, who were obviously not accustomed to the city or to riding on street cars. The system in Quebec at the best is enough to puzzle the most penetrating intelligence, and the visitors were nothing loth to bombard the conductor with questions, some of them pertinent, but most of them otherwise. The conductor was obviously worn out with heat and long hours yet the solitary Anglo-Saxon on the platform could not help admiring the *savoir faire* with which he performed his duties, answering suavely in voluble French, and making his tortuous way through the crowd with a "pardon, monsieur," here and a "oui, madame," there.

"Ah!" thought the Anglo-Saxon as he watched him, "these French-Canadians can teach us something in the

matter of courtesy. A Toronto conductor under like circumstances, would be surly as a bear."

Just then the conductor came back and stood along side him—when to the annoyance of those in a hurry the already over-crowded car stopped apparently without reason. Then the over-taxed conductor broke out with the fervor of a prayer, with this *sotto voce* utterance: "What in h—l is he stopping for now?"

The accents were unmistakably Irish-Canadian of Ontario quality. The Toronto man leaned over and said: "Thanks, that sounds like a message from home."

HARD LUCK FOR A POLITICIAN.

A "HARD-LUCK" story, which is absolutely true and which it would be difficult to parallel, is told of a young French-Canadian politician, who is well-known throughout the Province of Quebec. The young man is a fervent Nationalist, very anxious to do everything in his power to preserve the manners and customs of the old French-Canadian civilization. A year or so ago he became engaged to marry a charming young woman of his own race, and true to his convictions arranged that the old custom of a marriage portion delivered to the bridegroom in the presence of a notary should be carried out. The promised portion was handed over in bank stock of one of the financial institutions of Quebec, the marriage took place and all parties were happy.

Sad to relate, however, the bank whose stock formed the "portion" has collapsed, and the failure shows every indication of being a very bad one. The result is that the bridegroom not only loses the "portion," but will be compelled to put up a sum equal to it under the double liability clause of the Canadian Banking Act.

TIED OF FRILLS.

CHIEF JUSTICE MULOCK has earned for himself the name of being able to take the most intricate case and seize its essential points with a clear sight that is possessed by few men. He shows himself in all proceedings before him to be desirous of getting at once to the kernel. Recently one of the newly appointed King's Counsel had a motion before the Chief Justice of the Exchequer in which he asked for a committee to administer an estate. The motion was supported by twelve or thirteen affidavits. The learned counsel read them from the first letter to the last period, following faithfully all the legal phrasings, beginning: "In the High Court of Justice, in the matter of So-and-So." After listening to six of these affidavits the patience of the Court became frayed.

"In the High Court of Justice—" began the lawyer, as he started on the seventh affidavit.

"Never mind the justice," burst out Sir William, "come to business."

MR. BOURASSA BACK FROM FRANCE.

MR. HENRI BOURASSA is home again after a long holiday spent in France and Belgium where, it is said, he went to find out certain things about which he will tell the public and the Gouin Government when the Quebec Legislature meets next January. This holiday jaunt recalls the prolonged visit to France paid by Mr. Bourassa's distinguished great-grandfather, Papineau, "the tribune of the people."

After the first rebel repulse in Lower Canada in 1837, Papineau made a hasty escape across the Vermont frontier, and then reaching New York he sailed for France. For several years he spent his time in Paris, devoting himself to the study of law and constitutional history.

Mr. Bourassa has come back stronger in the political life of Quebec than he ever was before, and in consequence the local Liberal party is fearing and disliking him more and more. He always seems to have a trump in reserve, and some say he picked up a whole handful while in Belgium. The days when everything went by default in favor of the Liberal Provincial Government have passed, and next session Mr. Gouin will have to face a real opposition—a thing that has not existed at Quebec for almost ten years.

TOOK ONE AND LIKED IT.

MAYOR OLIVER, of Toronto, smokes cigars and he is a good listener. Last week he was visited in his office in the City Hall by a friend who wanted to talk something over. The visitor walked up close to the Mayor, spread his legs wide, stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat and began his talk.

It was half an hour after lunch, and the Mayor wanted a smoke, but, as it happened, he had not a weed to put a match to.

The picturesque attitude of his friend laid bare the fact that a big brown cigar peeped from the top pocket of the exposed waistcoat, and although Mayor Oliver is a Police Commissioner, he could not resist the temptation.

Before he gave the visitor an answer to the problem the latter had propounded the Mayor put a big brown cigar in his mouth, lighted and puffed at it, and then said: "John, those are real good cigars you smoke."

A PARTING KINDNESS.

MR. J. B. O'BRIEN recently entertained some clubmen with a series of stories of things that happened under his ken in the days when he was a practising lawyer. One anecdote is peculiarly illustrative of the tendencies of a certain Toronto lawyer, now a top-notch, and is coincidentally typical of Judge M—.

Mr. O'Brien was appearing in a certain case for a plaintiff, and his opposing lawyer began to get hot under the collar at the frequency of his objections, which were upheld in almost every instance by Judge M—.

lawyer fenced and fumed, quoted law and precedent; cork-screwed the same question into the witness in a variety of forms, with this result always:

"I object," from Mr. O'Brien.

"Objection sustained," from Judge M—.

It got too much for counsel, and to the astonishment of everyone who was looking at him, he suddenly whipped the Q.C. gown from off his shoulders, and stalked majestically from the bar, making for the exit from the court, having done with the case.

Judge M— was at that minute paying very little attention to the lawyer or to the case, but he suddenly "woke up" to observe counsel striding toward the door. No one said a word: Judge M— allowed his eyes to follow the course of the retreating lawyer, and just as the latter was about to disappear through the doorway, the Judge spoke up and said in the mildest and driest of tones:

"Mind the step."

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, M.P. for York in the British House of Commons, and as all our readers know an old Ontario boy, was in Toronto this week on his way to the Pacific Coast. When reporters interview him he never fails to say what he thinks. "England today suffers and suffers grievously," he said to the interviewers on Tuesday evening, "from beer and bigotry." Mr. Greenwood is a strong Liberal and one of the foremost men of his party, he having recently been elected to the Executive Committee of the party for the United Kingdom. That he can hit from the shoulder is shown in what he had to say to the interviewers about the position of the Asquith Government. "The battle being waged by Mr. Asquith," he said, "and millions of strong men is a battle against the monopolizing and degenerating power of the drink traffic, and against the idea of a State Church that attempts to socially ostracize here and damn hereafter those who disagree with it, and against the still strong vestiges of feudalism in the matter of large estates for the few and no land for the millions."

MR. MONK'S PICNIC.

THE different points of view from which the people of Ontario and Quebec see public questions could not be stated with greater brevity and clearness than was done the other day by a one line news "item" in a Montreal daily, which announced that Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P. for Jacques Cartier, would be honored by a political picnic to be held in his constituency on Sunday, August 30th. It would be impossible to imagine a prominent Toronto lawyer representing in Parliament a riding just outside the city holding a political picnic there on a Sunday. But such gatherings are common in Quebec, and during a campaign the electors frequently go from the church after mass to a meeting held, but a few rods distant, and listen to the candidates discuss the political issue of the day.

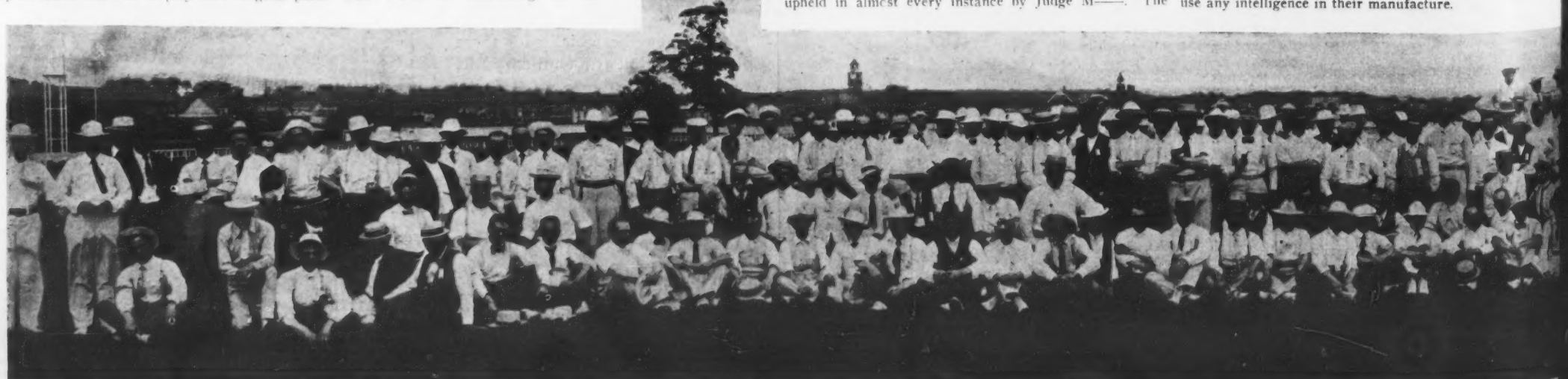
Mr. Monk has been rather quiet since the close of the session, but he is none the less in the political game. Probably no Conservative in Quebec has a safer seat, and he looks after it well. Most of his electors are habitants of the old blue type, but there is also a large English-speaking element, men living and doing business in Montreal but owning summer homes along the shores of Lake St. Louis. These used to be called the carriage voters but they are now the automobile voters of Jacques Cartier; and Mr. Monk is supported by most of them. It would be difficult for anyone to find personal grounds on which to vote against Mr. Monk, and when it comes to political grounds he states his case so well that it satisfies at least the people of Jacques Cartier.

LORD CLIVE, that hero of strong passions, strong temptations, and brilliant achievements, has never until now been rightly honored by his countrymen. He was refused a peerage, and was rebuked and praised by his fellow-members of the House of Commons in one breath. He was, in short, finally driven to self-destruction at the age of forty-nine. Nearly a century and a half later the first statues are to be erected in his memory. Lord Curzon announces that the sum of \$25,000 has been collected for two statues of Clive. One, in bronze, is to be set up in Westminster at the end of the broadened roadway of Charles street, Whitehall, facing St. James's Park.

A party of newspaper writers from the United States are now making a tour of the Canadian West. Among those who compose the party are Robt. R. Jones, managing editor Chicago Inter-Ocean; Richard Henry Little, Chicago Record Herald; William Hard, of Everybody's Magazine; Herbert Quick, editorial writer Scripps-McRae Press association; Geo. D. Richards, associate editor of "The World To-day"; Elliott Flower, author of "The Spoilsman"; B. F. Barton, managing editor of "The Home Herald" and "World's Events."

Mr. Cy Warman was in Toronto this week on his way up to the Wawa hotel to spend a few days, accompanied by Mr. S. E. Kiser and Mr. V. D. Nesbitt, of Chicago, two well-known newspaper and magazine writers. On page two of this issue is reproduced a characteristic bit of Mr. Kiser's verse.

Another "made in Germany" picture postal card is on sale, showing the Ontario Parliament Buildings with the United States flag flying on the tower. The Germans print these cards so cheaply that they cannot afford to use any intelligence in their manufacture.



A GROUP PICTURE OF THE GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF BOWLERS AS THEY WERE GATHERED AT THE W...

THE OLD TOWN AND THE NEW

The Two Battlefords and
the Rivalry Between Them

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THIS is a tale of two cities; two towns in the West with the same surname—the only two since Strathcona got rid of the name "South Edmonton." For there are on the map of Canada two Battlefords; North and South or by some called New and Old.

But it really doesn't matter what names you use; the cold hard fact remains that the two Battlefords are more madly jealous and spiteful of each other to-day than ever were Calgary and Edmonton, Toronto and Montreal or New York and Chicago. The inhabitants are never weary throwing mud, and it's a long throw across that four-mile canyon of the Saskatchewan river. They do not even exchange hockey and baseball. And the stranger who loafs around either of those two towns must be able to say without a hitch that he knows it's all the fault of the other town; that the other town has no future, and that it can't get the business because of natural reasons and will always be just a small country village.

It is somewhat a matter of history and as such it is worth noticing—how these two Battlefords began to quarrel. Other civic enmities have been worn away by time. Edmonton and Strathcona, for instance, expect some day to unite; Calgary is quite willing to concede Edmonton a future and a railway. But the Battlefords can never unite. The canyon of the river is miles broad and full of hills, hollows and islands. So for the rest of this century North Battleford, the new town white as a lumber yard on the high bank will cry "Fudge!" at old Battleford on the south bank at the confluence of the Saskatchewan and the Battle. The wonder is that the new town ever consented to take the name of the old. The vexation of the thing to the old town is that there is no longer any real and original Battleford such as there used to be before the coming of the railway.

It's all the matter of a bridge. The Canadian Northern declined to build their bridge in the dooryard of the old town. The saying is that the village fathers tried to extort boom prices for their land. But the railway showed how hard it is to extort from a corporation when they put the bridge five miles up stream and at the same



AT THE OLD LAMP-POST INN.

hour in the old town is worth a week in the new, which is quite as raw and shrieking and ugly as any of the new towns in that country. This is not to say that the new town will not develop into a fine place, or that it is not smart and up-to-date and as healthy as any of the municipal infants in that huge valley. It is simply a case of seeing some individual town charm in a country where nearly everything looks as though it was made the day before yesterday.

To the traveler on the C. N. R. this old poem in plaster looks like a scene in the rear curtain of a stage. On his way back he decides to stop off and see the place of which he has heard the young northowners in the smoker talk so superciliously.

This is the time when you discover the gulf that yawns between these places, and how hard it is for a man to get from one place to the other. It was Sunday when I got in to New Battleford; half past eight in the morning. At the new station a raw youth called out the name of his hotel.

"Oh, wanta go t'he ol' town? Wull, the ferry ain't very reg'lar on Sundays. Y'll have t'take the train."

"What train and when does it go?"

"Thar she is." He pointed to a string of box cars which seemed to be coquetting with a passenger caboose. "She's doo to pull out in pretty near no time."

By this fiction he induced me to make a bee line to his near-by inn, which was kept by a man who owns many fast horses—and can afford a few automobiles as well if he keeps right on the way he is doing now. Wishing to leave my luggage all day and to sojourn over night I signed the register, trying to make it clear that should there be a circus day rush for his rooms the landlord need not keep a room for me.

"Well, you'd better hustle. That train leaves purty quick now," he said; and he added some things about the old town which would not make good advertising literature. However, he said that Sunday was the best day to see the old town—when there was no chance of doing business in the new.

The accommodation freight for Old Battleford did not pull out in a hurry. The only fast feature about it was the ticket which cost sixty cents one way; no returns sold. "Why so steep?" I asked the agent. He smiled and said it was twelve miles, at five cents a mile.

"So you put a tax of two cents a mile on every man who wants to go to the old town?"

This he would not deny; neither that the ferry would carry a man over for ten cents and a team for twenty-five.

"But the Government fixes that rate," said a fellow victim. "Judas! he'd charge more if he could. Tak about hold-ups—say, I'll bet the cigars that hotel man chalks you up for your room and meals all day."

This didn't concern me so much as the fact that at last the caravan of box cars was ready to move. The journey back to the bridge and across and back down the south shore to the old town took seventy minutes. The distance marked one way on the mile-posts is five miles and a half. The other mile on the ticket was made up at the junction where for twenty-six minutes the train hands slammed the passenger caboose into seventeen separate box cars and all permutations and combinations of the same.

The trip down the south shore was enlivened by the acrid remarks of a lady who lived in the old town, and who said that it was a shrieking shame the way the railway had cut up her brother's farm without paying him more than the law allowed. The inference was that if it had been the main line and not the switch-back that cut the land, the brother would have subdivided his dooryard without a murmur—and so he would.

There's no escaping it—this cynicism of the old town. It's dogged and deep down as the root. The first concrete symptom of it is the railway station, which last August was a defunct box car with a wire attachment and a heap of trunks, stuck down on the bald prairie like a bug on a billiard table.

But a day in the old town is worth ten rides on the switch-back. This Old Battleford was never laid out for the corner-lot man. It was intended for a place to live in. The Indian trails jogged in here and the houses came up along the trails. Bye and bye the Government made a

new survey and that criss-crossed with the old; so that the town went catercornerwise; but the plaster-cast houses with the hip roofs and the quaint French gables kept on going up and settling down; nobody cared much about the looks, and land values didn't amount to much anyway. Churches went up; and one of the nicest bits of scenery in the town is the Catholic church, of which old Fr. Vigonnesse is the cure. Hotels were built, and on the old-style stoop, the cowboys and the horse-buyers sat in the heavy-back chairs and swapped yarns. One of these ancient inns still adheres to the comfortable custom of a dollar a day and very good meals at that.

But the ancient inhabitant does not relish being told about the lingering charm of his old town. He cares not for the lattice-work laths that hold on the white-washed plaster to the outer walls of the houses; nor for the corner lots cut on the bias; nor the humpty-dumpty corrals; nor the bumping broad stores kept by the old-timers; nor the shacks lived in by policemen; nor half as much as he used to for the barracks which is still headquarters for the division, and which had so much to do with the rebellion of 1885. He is not minded to search out the archaic things. He will show you the new four-square houses—such as they have in the new town. He will quote you the price of land on the main street, which is one of the finest intentions in the way of a main street in that country. He will tell you that the volume of trade done in the old town last winter with the railway contractors on the G. T. P., and with the new settlers at Tramping Lake to the south, was more than all the business done in the city of damnation across the river. You remark that the new town seems to have a more commanding site than the old; he retorts that a graveyard is usually on a hill.

"Aw, this town aint dead yet! Shoot! That bridge is leanin'. Yes sir—a stiddy eye can see that the piers aint plumb."

Then he proceeds to relate mysteriously how the other day he noticed a man on the bank opposite the old town; a man with a survey instrument sighting into the place.

"What was he doing? He was surveying a route for a noo bridge into this town. That's what."

Insistently he maintained that the C. N. R. would live to enter the ancient capital which they had ignored; that the C. P. R. in its proposed new line to Calgary was ingeniously compelled by the town solicitor to have the charter read beginning "at" the town of Battleford instead of "at or near."

And so the fever spreads. Old Battleford is not content with a poetic past, but is reaching hard for the practical future. The citizens say that the new town is doomed. They point with pride to the fact that when the place was started three years ago but one tradesman of Old Battleford pulled stakes and went.

"And I guess he wished he hadn't," says one.

Time for the ferry, which on Sundays leaves late in the evening. To get from the hotel to the landing is a meandering tramp of one mile, through hay-camps and mill-yards and long ravines of poplars. The ferry is forty minutes late. Here are eleven foot passengers and four teams waiting. Yonder she comes—the ten-cent carry-all with a quarter for a team. You hear her coughing; but there's plenty of time. Twenty minutes yet to gaze at some of the finest scenery in Canada; that splendid gorge of the Saskatchewan studded with the cross-haunted islands.

The stern-wheel amphibian heaves at last alongside the landing, loaded with passengers at the bow and teams



THE NEW TOWN IS MORE SHOWY.

amidships. Boiler at one end, engine at the other and a big water-reel behind, this thing called "Battleford" has been for years on the route carrying people across when there was no new town on the other shore. In another half hour the new teams are corralled into the pen amidships and the passengers seated around the boiler house. The stoker rams in half a cord of poplar. The engine coughs. The reel splashes half an acre of water. We are off—half an hour of crawling across the golden glow of the great river.

Landed on the north shore you are still two miles from the new town to which you must climb by a series of hills and great hummocks of coulees swung down into the long bank; best part of an hour toiling up among the grey willows and the poplars and the spruces to the heights of the new town which in the twilight looks as big as two. The west-bound train has pulled out an hour ago. At the hotel you find that the obliging landlord has chalked you down for a room since early morning.

"Yaas, I kep' that for you," he says. "I had a whole buch of people come in on that train, too. Been over to the old town, eh? Yaas. Well, I guess the hotels there aint putting people on shakedowns in the parlors. No, I guess not. Purty quiet in that town. Dorta be a good site for a tombstone factory, I should think. No sir," to a chap just wandered in, "we aint got another room left."

As I was saying to this gen'leman here, I been keeping number Two all day, knowing 'at if he come back from the ol' town and found himself without a room he'd be put out.

Then he hands over the key and remarks to a man in the office behind that North Battleford is a three-year-old and would never be beaten in any race in that country.

Dowdiness and Rowdiness.

TO-DAY, the task of reforming the world lies on the shoulders of the plain woman. A short attendance at lectures and meetings organized by women will verify this statement. Even now and then, her handsome sister enthusiastically enters the lists. Her enthusiasm, however, is short-lived, and she retires in search of something more exciting. But the plain woman reformer we have always with us. Her loyalty to the platform never swerves—fads may come and fads may go, but she goes on forever.

Dowdiness and rowdiness are her chief characteristics. Her hair is always arranged in the quickest and most convenient mode (which invariably means the most unbecoming and ungraceful), her watch is pinned at the same angle on her white blouse, and the same old sag is at the back of her skirts. She wears nothing that could by any flight of the imagination, be called superfluous. Whether it be a temperance, hygienic or suffragist meeting, they one and all appear to have forever forsworn all feminine foibles. The faint, elusive breath of delicate perfume and the jingle of bangles comes not from their direction.

In a word they are "dowdies." And yet from time immemorial they have aimed their shafts of eloquence at man. And what man was ever convinced by a "dowdy?" For a smart, attractively-dressed woman he will do much. For the women of the French salons he did much; he respected, admired, and obeyed them.

It is a far cry from their time to ours, but human nature is still the same. The words of a well-dressed woman have, and always will have, twice the weight of those of her shabby sister.

And again there is an inseparable relation between dress and manners. The dress of these powerful women of old France was perfection and so were their manners. It is not too much, I think, to say that a great part of their power and charm was due to their dress and manners. They did not possess a great amount of knowledge, for when an abbe wished to dedicate a grammar to Mme. Deffand she exclaimed, "Dedicate a grammar to me! Why, I cannot spell a word!" And Mme. Geoffrin candidly announces that of grammar she does not know a word.

Could one imagine, crossed in one of their pet projects, these amiable charmers leaving their flower-bedecked rooms and armed with stones, sticks and other ammunition of rowdiness, proceeding to assault the dwellings of the opposition? No; their ways were ways of pleasantness, their paths were paths of peace, and their sway undisputed.

Dress affects manners to a perceptible degree. The women reformers of this century are "dowdies," and one glance at the "Carrie Nations" of America and the "Shrieking Sisterhood" of England convinces us that they are fast becoming "rowdies."

A few drops of violet perfume, a coiffure of more generous proportions and the dowdies will become "serene and resolute and still and calm and self-possessed"; for dress has a magic power over women, a power that none but woman can understand.

ETHELWYNNE GRANT.

BRAND WHITLOCK, author and mayor of Toledo, was at his home one night when a lady he did not know was shown in.

"Mr. Whitlock?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Why—you see—I thought—I wanted to ask you, Mr. Whitlock, if you would be good enough to give me a copy of your latest book."

"Give you a copy of my latest book? Why, cannot you get one at the book-store?"

"I suppose so, but I didn't try. I thought you wouldn't mind giving me one with a nice inscription in it. They don't cost you anything, you know, and I hate to pay a dollar and a half for one."

Stunned, Whitlock gasped: "And what do you intend to do with the book if I give it to you?"

"Why, replied the lady vivaciously, 'I want to use it for a prize at my bridge whist party to-night.'—Saturday Evening Post.

AN astrologer wrote of President Roosevelt and the year 1909: "He will need to guard against secret enemies, fanatics and gunshot wounds and will be in danger of a very peculiar, serious, if not fatal accident to his knees. He should avoid firearms, combustibles and impulsiveness." But this was written some time before the republican convention, as is proved by the following: "He will positively be re-elected for president this fall by a very large majority." However, it is rumored that he might have accepted re-nomination except for the strong opposition of Mrs. Roosevelt to his further continuance in office. Perhaps the folly of the astrologer was not without its influence.

Rev. Dr. Wild, who for many years was the most popular preacher in Toronto, crowding the Bend Street Congregational Church at every service, died on the 18th at the house of his son, Dr. Zimmerman Wild, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Paris is threatened with a strike of 3,000 bakers. Of course, it is more dough that they want.



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN.

time built a new town fair opposite the old capital of the Territories. The ancient capital of all the great lone land was snubbed by a railway company that was never heard of when most of the chivalry and the wisdom of the Territories gathered on the plateau at the meeting of the two rivers. Even Regina was unknown in those days; or known only as "Pile-o'-Bones." In those earlier days the police headquarters was down at Macleod in the cow country, and the only divisional point in the Saskatchewan valley was at Battleford, which is about half way between Edmonton and Prince Albert.

Writing of Battleford in 1881 Mr. W. H. Williams en route with Lord Lorne's party, said:

"If ever there was a spot which nature intended for the site of a city it is Battleford. The strip of land between the two rivers consists of a beautiful plateau of fine smooth, upland prairie. Its highest portion is along its centre, midway between the two streams, and it slopes away gently towards each. The highest portion of this plateau (which the reader will already have identified as the site of the future city of Battleford) is considerably lower than the level of the prairie bluffs which rise beyond the Saskatchewan on the north and Battle river on the south. With a city located on this peninsular plateau (which is now only occupied by the barracks of the mounted police), the south bank of the Battle river and the north bank of the Saskatchewan would afford the most charming situations for villas and suburban residences."

Well, the villas have arrived on the north bank; but the people who do business on the streets of old Battleford don't live in them. The passage above is quoted to show that just about two-thirds of the talk you hear in any of these new towns about futures is pure romance. If ever there was a man who studied that country patiently at first hand in almost every acre of its trails it was Williams. But his prophecy concerning Battleford has not come to pass. He was not thinking about railways, but about steamboats. Even the C. P. R. had not then purloined the capitalship of the Territories for the new town, Regina. Battleford was in its heyday; a romantic, picturesque and inspiring old town in the lap of a beautiful land.

To the lover of real local color it may seem a good thing that the railway sidetracked Battleford. The old town has a singular charm and a quaintness such as can be found nowhere else in Canada outside of Quebec. An



AT THE WOODBINE ON MONDAY MORNING AT THE OPENING OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Photo by A. H. Smith

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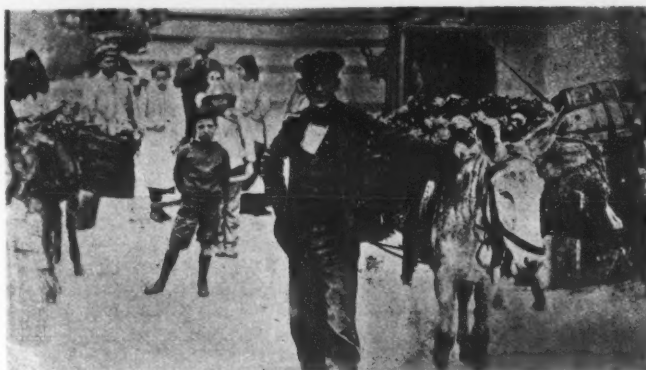
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YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

In this article Mr. Carrel gives an interesting account of his call at Tangiers.

ON Wednesday, January 17, bright and early, we anchored off Tangiers, the principal city and seaport of Morocco. When the sun came over the Spanish hills some twenty miles away it made a gorgeous picture. With a good breakfast everyone assembled on the decks in wildest ecstasies over the glorious prospects before them and the perfect and superb weather overhead. But what a contrast—that pretty view of the white buildings closely huddled together on the hillside encircled with a wall, presented to the annoying and pestering inhabitants who were afterwards there. We landed at 9 o'clock and were met on the pier by a number of natives, who immediately set to work to engage themselves as our guides. Being a party of Cook's tourists, however, we simply answered: "No, Cooks"; which seemed to be understood by them, and we successfully made our way to the Continental Hotel, passing through little streets, cobble-stoned and crowded with Arabs, Moors, Spanish Jews, Africans, Mohammedans, Portuguese, snake charmers, medicine men, and all kinds of beggars, discounting anything in the civilized world for persistent solicitations. They were so bad that if you were not looking they would put their hands into your pockets, pull your stick out of your hands, or your kodak, as they did with me. We ran the gauntlet fairly well and reached our hotel in safety for the time being. Thus we found ourselves in the Sultanate Morocco, the most barbarous, uncivilized and uneducated country of the Mediterranean, and in the most unruly and dangerous city of those coasts, with a population more Oriental than in the East, more mixed than in any known country, and where the life of a European is in jeopardy every hour he remains in it. Some years ago Tangiers was a great tourist centre, but it has so degenerated now that few foreigners venture to trust themselves in it to day, and the hotels erected by Europeans around the bay are closed, while the few hotels in the city are dying a gradual death from want of business. Yet this makes no impression upon the population. They are perfectly indifferent, and rob, steal and plunder every foreigner who comes their way, and sometimes forget themselves and rob each other. There is no civil law, no policemen in the streets; in fact, no law or or-



GIBRALTAR—ARTICHOKES AND WATER SELLERS.

offered for sale almost everywhere. Oxen, donkeys, camels, and even women yoked with them are universally employed. With Morocco in such a condition, is it any wonder that France, which controls Algeria, the neighboring state on the Eastern frontier, should complain of the invasions of this barbaric and half civilized nation, and that Europeans have complained of the dangers which lie in their paths while visiting it, either for pleasure, or business, and that an international conference is being held at Gibraltar, or in the little Spanish town of Algeiras, just across the bay (at the time of writing), to decide what measures are to be adopted for putting a stop to this uncivilized conduct, before any more foreigners are carried off and held for big ransoms by brigands and thieving bands in the very precincts of the Sultan and his majestic court of accomplices, which, during the past few years have been of common occurrence in this country.

TANGIERS has a population of about 35,000 and is a small, ill-built town, situated on two hills, with a collection of miserable flat-roofed and windowless houses, on either side of the narrow, irregular, unpaved filthy streets, with fearfully bad odors. It has fortifications and walls around it, which would not be worth much now, but in the time it was taken by the Portuguese in 1471 they might have been of some service. Tangiers was given to Charles II., King of England, as dowry, with Catherine of Braganza, and was held by the English until 1683, when, on account of the expense and the inclement climate (now considered differently), it was evacuated and the fortifications dismantled. It was subsequently a nest of pirates, and of

dozen regiments instead to make one feel that his life was safe, apart altogether from the presentiment of rolling off the odd-shaped, stirrupless saddles on to the hard cobble-stones, for you never knew when your foot postilion would startle the donkey with a crack on the back or a poke in the side, with a stick with a nail or sharp point in the end of it, which he carried for the purpose. The only thing which saved us from such an untimely end, as a broken skull on the streets of Tangiers, was their crowded and congested condition being full of pedestrians in every kind of Oriental garb and garment possible. Women walked about with faces covered, large handsome men with huge fezes and a flunkie to clear the way in front and another to protect him in the rear, seemed to have the right of way, and everybody salaamed and stepped aside to let them pass by. Even the donkeys, like the knowing car and bus horses of London, were cognizant of the imperativeness of getting out of the way. These distinguished gentlemen were officials or priests or belonged to some higher caste than the common inhabitants. We rode slowly and fast by turns through the motley town until we came to a square known as the Kasbah, at one corner of which was a group of about fifty professional blind beggars, huddled together, in ragged clothing on the ground, waiting. I was informed, for the Sultan to send them something to eat and to keep them from starving, which he does about three or four times a week. From the back of my donkey I attempted to take a kodak picture of the motley group, when half of them arose and made at me with uplifted walking sticks. But it was too late. I had their picture, and also sufficient time to raise my camera stand in the air as a means of defence against their attack. This saved the situation and we went on. Although supposed to be blind, they appeared to see me quite plainly and made no mistake in the direction they took to get near me.

Oh' Age

Oh' age he come a-c-r-e-e-p-i-n',
c-r-e-e-p-i-n', long behin' me,
An' he say, "I afech yo', my dusky bruddah!"
An' den I feel a twinge an' I mighty sho' he fin' me,
Fo' firs' he stiffen one leg an' den tuddah;
Soon I ben' almost double wid rheumatiz an' trouble,
An' I hobble slow a'leanin' on my cane;
An' den Oh' Age he chuckle an' he say "I make yo' knuckle,
Fo' I's sho'ly gwine to call on yo' again."

Oh' Age he come a-c-r-e-e-p-i-n',
c-r-e-e-p-i-n', long behin' me,
An' he say, "I afech yo' my hobblin' bruddah!"
An' den he dull my ear, an' he blur my eye an' blin' me,
Till I can't tell one po' nigga from anuddah;
An' my hea't no mo' rejoices at dose musical young voices,
Fo' my eahs are deafened, deadened to deir call;
Den Oh' Age he hits de uddahs—hits sistahs an' my bruddahs,
An' he wa'ps 'em an' he twis's 'em one an' all.

Oh' Age, Oh' Age, he am a cruel mas-
teh,
When we want de clock go slow he make it go de fasteh!
—Luella Wilson Smith in the August Bohemian.

GOING TO NEW YORK.

The best late evening train to New York is the C.P.R. 7:15 P.M. express, which makes a sharp connection at Buffalo, and also carries a through sleeper for Pittsburgh.

Passenger (on tram car)—Don't you always shiver when you pass this cemetery? Conductor—Not me; I'm going to be cremated.—The Mirror.



POST OFFICE, ALGIERS, SPAIN.
Where the Moroccan conference was held last year.

der of any kind. The Sultan sets his people a brilliant example. He has kept the interior of his domain closed to foreigners, receives all the revenues, which amount to ten or twelve millions a year, does what he likes with them, and exacts tribute from his Government officials whenever he thinks they are making too much money by plundering or stealing from the public. None of the towns or villages in the interior pay any taxes, but when the Sultan feels that he would like a little more money to add to his great store of wealth, he takes his dirty degenerate army on a tour of tax-gathering, and what he collects on those excursions is never known to the outside world. The Sultan is in abject control. He is "The State" and his so-called Ministers are simple favorites of the hour. Education is at a low ebb, and pirates, kidnappers and thieves abound everywhere. Few people can read and write, and printing is almost an unknown art. Most of the towns are undrained and unsanitary to the last degree, and disease and pestilence are rife in every district. The country is denuded of trees, looks bold with rolling hills and monotonous plains, green in spring and brown in summer and autumn. Wheat, barley, maize, oranges, figs, almonds, lemons and dates are among the products and exports. Tobacco cultivation and its use is forbidden by the Sultan, but this law is more honored in the breach than in the observance, as we saw the weed

late years, or up to the last year or so, was visited by Europeans as a health resort, until it became overrun with an uncivilized population fully determined to do as it pleases. We were not long in the precincts of the city before being quite satisfied of this fact in more ways than one, and it was with good fortune that we managed to get away with our clothes and belongings, not to speak of our lives. When I look back to our visit I feel that the whole town was bent upon robbery, and when their victims happen to be English the despoiling of them appears to afford a special pleasure.

The street in front of our hotel was about six feet wide, and here it was intended that we should mount our donkeys for our sightseeing ride through the town. We did so, but it was a task and an undertaking that might well have tested the ability of a metropolitan police force to protect. The donkeys came from somewhere, but principally from the little doorways in front of the hotel, where they were kept in reserve for the coming of our party; those for the ladies first and then those for the gentlemen afterwards, and the mounting process was like bedlam let loose. It seemed that everyone who climbed on a mule found three or four owners, squabbling and fighting in front of him for the position of running behind and beating the little animal as we went along. We had half a dozen guides, but we wanted half a

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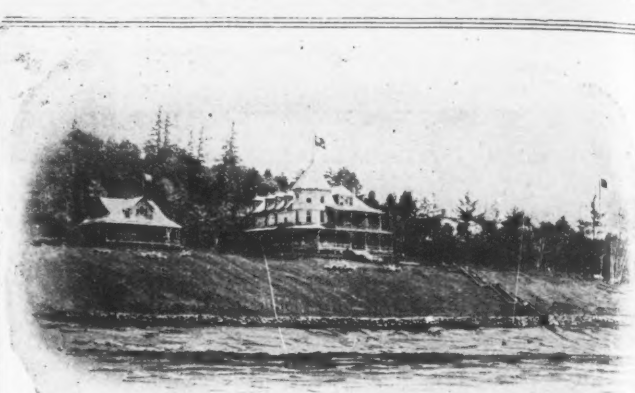
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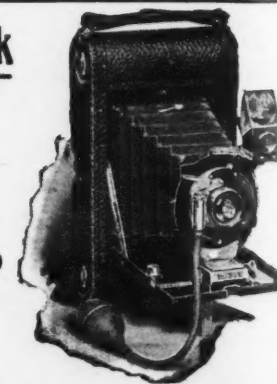
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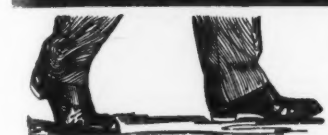
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If Mr. Gnagg Were But Single

He Considers the Wisdom of the Fellows Who Don't Get Married and Entertains Mrs. Gnagg With an Account of What He Has to Put up With in His Home

MR. GNAGG, awakening very early after a night of fitful sleep, squirmed and wriggled and coughed until Mrs. Gnagg was aroused from slumber too. Then he regarded her with seasonal observations, in part as follows:

Huh! You're awake, are you? How you can sleep as you do I don't know. I'll bet you could sleep on an unpainted tin roof at high noon of one of these sizzling days without once turning over. You're wonders, that's what you women are.

I've just been thinking, tossing around here, about what crafty mugs these fellows are that don't get married. Whee, but they're the wise old owls.

I know dozens of 'em that right now are fidgeting around on the Adirondack lakes, hitting up the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, joshing the old frumps that consider 'em eligible for their daughters up in the Catskills, having a bully, unencumbered, cool time of it at the summer resorts all over the country, with no one to bother or hinder 'em, nobody to report to, nobody to have to get home to or stand for a row or the weeps and all that great stuff, while I—

Oh, I'm just rolling around here, waiting for the minute to pop for me to hop up and swallow a cup of bum coffee and then bolt off to work! That's me. That's what I get out of life. I'm just the good old hawss Dobbin that brings in the stuff and has to walk the chalk line and do things on the minute or else have the dickens raised with me all the time.

I'm one of the dished ones, one of the shelved propositions, that's what I am, and I guess I might just as well make up my mind to it now as any other time. When a fellow is pinhead enough to get his neck in the matrimonial noose, why, then it's up to him to stand the gaff, and I guess maybe I'm not standing for it!

Living in a dinky flat, hotter'n Tophet and never getting anywhere without having to drag the whole works along—oh, I knew a heap when I rigged things this way for myself, didn't I?

And if I took you along with me in an attempt to get away from this devilish heat, why, what recreation would there be in that for me? I know everything you're going to say before you so much as open your mouth.

Oh, stop that, will you! I haven't said that you were stupid or thick-headed. I only said that we're together—strapped together—so blamed much that I know all of your ideas by heart, and what a man needs is a little bunch of somebody else's ideas once in a while, doesn't he? I tell you what, the people that say that married folks ought to get away from each other for a certain portion of each year—they know what they're talking about.

How's that? Don't I think that a woman feels occasionally as if she'd like to get away from the flat, too? There you go again! Didn't I suggest two long months ago that you'd have the bulliest time of your life if you'd only go out to Ohio and see your folks, and didn't you almost bite my head off for suggesting that? Py jinks, you talk as if you positively despised your folks anyhow! Every time I slip in so much as a word of suggestion that you rattle out there to the farm and see your people, why you flare up as if somebody was trying to put up a job on you to send you to jail.

But to get back to the foxiness of these chaps that just give the merry ha-ha to the scheming girls that try to ensnare them into matrimony—the more I think of those smart guys the more I admire 'em, and that's the truth. They appreciate and they keep that inestimable proposition, namely, and to wit, freedom.

They can't see this thing of being at somebody else's beck and call. Doggone 'em, they're just as free as little birdies on a brier bush, and maybe they don't know it! When one of 'em comes to me, laughing in his sleeve all the time, and tries to spin that tommyrot about how lucky the fellows are that've got domestic hearths of their own and all like that I feel like tellin' 'em that they belong in vaudeville—they're too good at the comedy business to waste it in private life.

I'd like to know what I get out of life, anyhow, come to look it over. Something to eat and a place to sleep—that's all. And I could have that if I was only earning \$12 a week and alone.

And what do you care? Not a

cent's worth! You're only half listening to me right now.

How's that? It's only a quarter to six, and you feel sleepy? Oh, of course you feel sleepy. You always do when I am trying to have any kind of conversation with you. That's the way it goes.

A married woman doesn't care any more about responding to her husband's ideas than she does for last year's hat. She's got him, and he's shelved and stuffed away, and that's the end of it. You might at least show a half decent regard for what I'm saying, instead of lying there blinking at me like a cat before a grate fire.

How's that? Oh, you've heard it all before, have you, and it doesn't lead anywhere, anyhow, and you just can't keep your eyes open.

That's more of the old stuff—as much as to say that I'm harping on the same old thing all the time. You are the most peevish person before breakfast in the morning that ever I saw in my life.

Say, can't we have breakfast a little earlier around here during the hot weather? What time does that infernal maid get here of morn'ings, anyhow?

Huh? Oh, you're wide awake now, are you, and you'll prepare some breakfast yourself this mornin', seeing that the maid isn't within miles of the flat yet? Oh, never mind. Say, if you got breakfast for me just once, I'd never hear the last of it. You'd pitch it up to me to the last day of my life that I made you work like a galley slave, and prob'ly you'd ramp around and tell everybody we know that I wanted you to take in washing for a living.

What? You'd rather get a hundred breakfasts than hear me complain so much? Now, that's a stab that I shall not tolerate. Who's complaining? Who's uttered a word of complaint? I only said—

Oh, that's it; go on and blubber. Just because, being unable to sleep, I endeavored to engage you in a little before breakfast conversation—why, you fall to sniffling and all that. I tell you what, most women would appreciate having their husbands staking them to a little persiflage upon awakening in the morning. But that's all the appreciation I get—having the handkerchief pulled on me.

Look here, what's it all about, anyhow? Who said anything about being tired of anybody. Well, of all the beddnged inventions ever!

All I said was that these fellows that keep out of the matrimonial harness know what they're about, and here, you begin imagining about nine million things that I said and that you must have dreamed about while I was talking, for you were more than half asleep all the time.

Oh, well, I s'pose I've got to crawl now and let you walk all over me, simply because you accuse me of picking on you, when as a matter of fact I've only been trying to cut up a little with you. I'm the fathead for expecting a woman to have any sense of humor, anyhow. That's the whole thing.

I shouldn't expect a woman to be able to see the point of a little badinage. Oh, well, cut out the weeps, won't you, and I'll do anything you want.

There, there, now, forget all that junk. Who's said a word to you? You'll see my point of view some of these days, and then you'll understand. There, there, now, flag that wadded handkerchief business, and let's have some breakfast. Come on, hun, everything's all right!—New York Sun.

Broke, Broke, Broke.

BROKE, broke, broke,
On thy hard, hot stones, New York!
And I float on thy swelt'ring billows
As frail and as light as cork.

Oh, well for the sons of gold
That they glide up the Great White Way!
Oh, well for the coddled rich
That they sail in their yachts up the bay!

And the terrible tides surge on
At the sick, mad pace that kills;
And it's oh, for the sight of an honest friend,
And a glimpse of the good, green hills!

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy grim, gray stones, New York!
But it's back to the rill's, and the fields, and the hills,
I'll go if I have to walk!

—Edwin Coolidge in Life.

Molly—I should think Mrs. Roosevelt would be afraid to let her husband go out after lions. Coddle—Pooh! Molly—Why do you say that? Coddle—Because she knows very well there isn't a lion living that could bite him first.—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

Vacational

“WHERE are the folks agoin' to?” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“To take a rest, to take a rest,” the City Feller said.

“What makes 'em look so hot, so hot?” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“They're keepin' cool, they're keepin' cool!” the City Feller said.

“For they're goin' anywhere at all, and just to get away

To the mountain, river, inlet, lake, the peninsula and bay;

And they're hurrying to get there, for they haven't long to stay,

For it's back again to town on Monday mornin'.”

“What makes the rear rank breathe so hard?” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“It's pipin' hot, it's pipin' hot,” the City Feller said.

“What makes 'em run away from town?” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“Because everybody does the same,” the City Feller said.

“They're runnin' from the city, they are after seaside sport;

They are goin' to a summer—aye, and to a last resort.

They'll work upon the links, and they will sweat upon the court,

Put they'll have to hustle back on Monday mornin'.”

“What makes 'em work so hard, so hard?” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“They've simply got to have a rest,” the City Feller said.

“They'll need it when they strike the place,” said Ninety-in-the-Shade.

“But s'pose the rooms are all engaged?” the City Feller said.

“For it's 'Hurry up!' 'Step lively, please,' and punch your fellow man,

To get a cooling 'lemo' or a nickel palm leaf fan;

And the guerdon of vacation is a smarting coat of tan

And an empty purse and back on Monday mornin'.”

—Puck.

A Humorist in the Bud

A TEACHER in a New York public school where the pupils are mostly foreigners never took much notice of the boy until she discovered that there was a lot of fun hidden behind his quiet, demure face. What happened then she tells in the Son:

In the English work I often give my pupils half of a story and ask them to finish it in their own way. I did that yesterday.

I told them about a little girl named Elizabeth, who started out one morning with the resolve that she was going to be as good all day long as if it were Sunday. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that little girls should behave as if every day were Sunday, not put on their kind and polite manners only when they put on their Sunday dresses. So when Elizabeth put on her school dress, she resolved that she was going to be very good all day.

She had not gone very far—only to the first corner—when she saw another little girl standing there, crying.

That is where I left the story for them to finish. They were to tell what Elizabeth did. This is the way the most serious boy in school completed the plot:

“Elizabeth saw the little girl crying, so she went up to her and asked her what was the matter.

“I had two quarters,” sobbed the little girl, “and a big boy took one of them away!”

“Oh, that is too bad!” said Elizabeth. “What did you do?”

“Oh, I cried, ‘Help! Help!’ just like that,” said the little girl.

“Why, is that all the loud you called it?” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“Yes,” replied the little girl. “I have a bad cold and can't call any louder than that.”

“So Elizabeth took the other quarter away from her.”

Waist-Line Woes.

When you would put your dexter fin
To find a girl, it is a sin,
A crying shame,
To get, I claim,
All lacerated by a pin.

—The Gossip.

A CHARMING TRIP.

For \$9.15, you can have trip, via 20,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, to Parry Sound, short rail and stage ride to Port Cockburn or Rosseau, and back, via the beautiful Muskoka Lakes to Muskoka Wharf and Grand Trunk fast expresses to Toronto, or trip can be made reverse way. Good all season. Full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

The Questioner—I hear his wife is a brunette, but I thought he married a blonde. The Joker—He d'd, but she dyed.—Houston Post.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

Established 1791. “The test of time.”

Horrockses'

Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes

ARE THE VERY BEST

the “Old Country” can produce.

See the Stamp **“HORROCKSES”** on the selvage **REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**

OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND, Limited

REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 48c per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 57c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 3c per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloths, from 10c per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.66 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.40 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, 48 1/2 per half-doz. (To measure 48c extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gause Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$2.00 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS The Cambrics of have a world-wide fame.—THE QUEEN. Children's, from 30c per doz.; Ladies', from 60c per doz.; Ge. Blouses', from 84c per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c to \$8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c to \$8.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS COLLARS—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For Gentlemen, from \$1.66 doz. “Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey.”—The Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. “Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs and Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness.”—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises trimmed Embroidery, 50c; Nightdresses, 94c; Corsets, \$1.08; Undies or Colonial Outfits, \$2.08; Bridal Trousseau, \$2.01; Infants' Layettes, \$15.00. (Send for list.)

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland

NOTE—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Insist on FOWNES

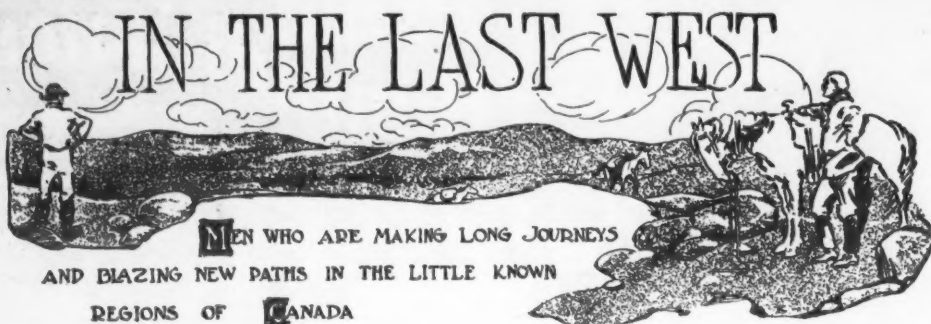
—the name which indicates inevitable glove quality.

You Need an Extra Pair of Glasses

In taking a vacation, it is folly to use your regular glasses for boating, golf, tennis, etc. They are liable to be broken, and thus leave you in an uncomfortable predicament.

Let us fit you with an extra pair. We can give you the kind that will stay on, in spite of the roughest kind of play.

A. E. RYDE : : : OPTICIAN : : :
PHONE MAIN 2610. KING EDWARD HOTEL
9 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



MOUNTAIN climbing in Canada is still in its infancy. And yet, some among us believe that within ten years the most expert mountain climbers in the world will be coming across the pond to try the perils and pleasures of the Rockies. A large party of the Vancouver Mountaineering Club members, headed by Mr. Fred. Mills, made the ascent of two new peaks last Sunday, says the Vancouver Province. These mountains are situated about three miles south of Indian River Park, and just west of the southern end of Crocker Island in the North Arm. Their tops are well covered with snow and are just above the timber line.

Starting from MacDonald's logging camp at 5:30 a.m., the climbers made good headway up the steep slopes of the foothills through magnificent cedar and fir timber. Two-thirds of the way up several stiff rock rises were encountered, but always the hardy blueberry bushes were there to give a hand-hold. After four hours of hard work the top of the first peak was reached, and here lunch was eaten. The view of the North Arm and the valleys was obscured by clouds, which reached half way up the slopes of the hills, but the tops were all bathed in the warm sunshine, and solid ramparts of rock and snow summits could be seen for miles around.

The peak was named Mount Bishop in honor of Mr. J. C. Bishop, the president of the club. Several of the party also ascended a lofty dome some 6,000 feet high near Mount Bishop. It was reached after a half hour's walk across snow fields, where in several places the joys of glissading were experienced. The second mountain was named Mount Jarrett in honor of Mr. George Jarrett, secretary of the club. As this was probably the first time that these peaks have been scaled, the mountaineering club established a new record in conquering them both in one day.

Another trip will probably be made this season, when the intention is to reach the top of still another rocky dome opposite Mount Jarrett. The descent may then be made into the Seymour Valley, on the way to which several beautiful lakes would be passed.

The climbers made a quick trip down, and saw five goats along the route. The animals were perched on the most impossible ledges, seemingly, on the whole mountain. A mile of huge broken boulders, which filled the whole of one of the upper valleys, had to be crossed and travelling on these was by no means easy. Down through the timber the going was better, and back again to the log chute all were safely piloted. At the foot, the launch, Adelaide, was ready to take the party home, but just before leaving every one had a good hot supper and a swim.

The climbers on this occasion were: Frederick Mills, C. Chapman, George Jarrett, George Harrower, J. C. MacKenzie, H. B. Rowe, A. F. Armistead, R. J. Cromie, W. J. Gray, E. Burns, L. E. Seney, F. Perry, Frederick Stevens, B. S. Darling, E. B. Batstone, H. A. Peters, Charles Dickens, R. W. Trythall and George McQueen.

The itinerary for next week includes the ascent of Grouse Mountain and return via Lynn Creek Valley.

FERNIE, although wiped out by fire, is rebuilding rapidly, and one of the most interesting evidences of enterprise is the receipt by mail of the Fernie Free Press, giving two pages of a description of the disaster.

ALFRED A. JONES has returned to Edmonton after spending several months on a trip to Australia. He prefers Canada. A feature that Mr. Jones noticed was the large percentage of the people who live in the urban districts, more than one half of the four million population being resident in the cities. Transportation is carried on mainly by steamer, as there are three different gauges of railway, which render the movement of freight from one line to another very expensive. No agreement has yet been reached as to a standard gauge owing to the jealousy between the different states.

Returning to Vancouver, Mr. Jones made the two days' run up to Prince Rupert. He was particularly impressed with the harbor at Kaien Island,

which he says is one of the best on any part of the Pacific coast. At the present time there are about 1,500 people squatting upon the townsite, the residents including physicians, lawyers and the famed newspaperman, John Houston. The site of Prince Rupert is rough and stony, with a 2,500 feet mountain two miles in the rear. Mr. Jones thinks the Government and the G.T.P. would be very foolish to place the townsite on the market until the streets are all laid out and graded.

HERE is a specimen of a Last West advertisement reproduced from one of those wonderful newspapers which men produce out there and nowhere else:

E. S. Lake can take a piece of paper worth two cents and make a photograph worth \$5.00 out of it.—That is Art.

E. O. Delong can take a piece of iron worth thirty cents and make a plow worth \$30.00.—That is Skill.

Norman Hill can buy three yards of cheese cloth at one cent a yard and sell it for fifteen cents.—That is Business.

Penticton gets a grant to dredge the river.—That is Pull.

W. T. Shatford can take a piece of paper and sign his name to it and it is worth \$100,000.—That is Capital.

Most of us can take a bank cheque and fill it in for a million dollars and it isn't worth a cent.—That is Tough.

Some nurseries say they can supply home grown nursery stock, and give the same satisfaction as we can.—That is Bluff.

Okanagan Nursery Co. Ltd. Penticton, B.C.

MISS AGNES LAUT, the Canadian authoress, accompanied by a grand-niece of Sir George Simpson, is making a canoe trip down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton to Lake Winnipeg, meeting in this way the frontier women who are laying the foundations of Empire along the great river. Miss Laut expects that the trip will take six weeks. As the distance from Edmonton to the north end of Lake Winnipeg is about seven hundred miles, without counting the curves, this means that these adventurous women will have to drift and paddle more than one hundred miles a week—probably one hundred and fifty miles.

SOME novel advertising in Europe is to be done by the British Columbia government in the way of moving pictures. A contract has been made with an English firm to prepare the pictures and a representative is now at work in Vancouver. He has been instructed to take special care in the preparation of a series of pictures showing the fruit-growing possibilities of some of the interior valleys, as the Government wishes to advertise the horticultural resources of the province as widely and intelligently as possible throughout Great Britain.

Street scenes in Vancouver, fishing and salmon canning pictures on the Fraser River, panoramic views of the picturesque valleys of the Fraser, and a score of other sights which will be useful in the advertising of the province, will be caught by the machine in various districts of the province during the next few weeks.

IN connection with the recent great fire at Fernie, an interesting letter has been received by the father of a young man who was in a survey camp twelve miles south of Michel at the time. "When the fire broke out," the letter runs, "we knew that our only chance of safety was to take to the mountains; for it is in the valleys, where the forest growth is thickest, that the fire rages most fiercely. Our camp took fire; and leaving everything behind us except the clothes in which we stood, we made for the high land." They reached, at the highest point in their course, an elevation of 8,000 feet. The wind, veering constantly, proved to be their salvation. There were times when the wind blew fiercely toward them from the burning country, almost suffocating the fugitives with the fierce heat. At such times, they flung themselves down for coolness on the moss or among the leafy un-

dergrowth, saving their strength for the change of the wind. "The valley that our trail went down," writes Mr. Farmer, "was like a furnace." At the end of two nights and a day, they reached McGillivray, having had nothing to eat from Saturday noon until Sunday night. To show how narrow they escaped, Mr. Farmer states that, in a camp only six miles distant from their own, three men unable to escape, were burned to death.

At Port Carling

IN the ancient port of Carling, Where the many wigwags are, Come the maidens in the summer, Come from near and come from far, Maids of every hue and nation, Dusky skin or peaches rare; Come they here for varied pleasures, For the health they know is here, Is this all these sirens come for? Maids so rosy, bright and fair, Laughing lips which tell no secret, Hanging braids of glossy hair, Surely we can see what sport is If we watch them daily here, Watch them playing with each other, Watch them while they walk together,

While they're floating in their canoe While they're fishing in the river For the catch that is not there.

Then the big boat in the river Whistles loud for them to hear, Calls the people from their wigwags, Calls them down to see it come in, Come to give it hearty welcome, Come to see what it has got in, Come to get the longed-for letter Telling of the far ones dear, Then a warrior steps from off her, Puts his foot upon the shore, Looks about and sees the maidens Grouped in lots of six and four; Wonders how they came to be there, Wonders why they are so fair, Wonders what the game of this is, Thinks he'll have some good fun here.

Did he come to kill the big game? (Come so far from Rising Sun?) Come to get them in the forest, Get them all or only one? Minnows from the Lake of Silver, Birds up in the leafy trees, All are doomed to speedy death now, He fires his gun at all he sees, Yes, he came to hunt the big game, Hunt and kill the noble bear; Hunt the weasel and the pole-cat, Trap them all within their lair. (But he quickly changed his tactics, Fixed his hook with other bait; Made the town and city hum with All his doings while out late.

Thus he grew to know these maidens, Got to know them very well, Some say wisely, some say not so; This, of course, we cannot tell.

When they go to eat the ice cream, Ice cream of the Sutton brand, He tells them tales of oldtime prowess,

How the ice cream first began, How the great chief made the ice cream,

Made it from the ice of glacier, Made it from the snow of winter, Sweetened with the sugar maple, Flavored with the dew of heaven, How those maidens listened sweetly, Hung upon his every word: How they drank those words of wisdom,

Disbelieving all they heard, When this warrior took his walk out, Followed by this dazzling band, All the squaws within their tepees Crowded out upon the Strand; Crowded out to see the fine sight Of so many on a string.

Wondered what the outcome would be, Wondered who would get the ring, There was Annie, of the pale-face, There was dusky Jane and Sue, Each their eyes part veiled in gauzes Only made their aim more true, Then he thought of "Home and Mother,"

Of his life that lay before, He must get away from all this; He would work both late and early Put his mind to other things; Make his bread while yet the dough lasts, Get away before he's singed, So he rose next morning early, Sailed away before the day, Sailed away from all the muddle, Gaily going on his way.

The one Canadian piano used by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, first in 1901, when as the Duke of York, in company with the Duchess of York, he toured Canada from ocean to ocean, and again this midsummer month when His Royal Highness selected a beautiful Louis XV. style, miniature Grand piano of the Old Firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., to be placed in his private apartments at the Citadel, Quebec, during Tercentenary week.

—Used by Madame Pasquale at the Royal Concert given during the Tercentenary Week.

—A Diminutive Grand ordered by Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

Nor do the remarkable triumphs of the



Heintzman & Co.

Piano

end here. This beautiful instrument is the one particular choice of people of culture and musical taste the Dominion over. Always the choice of the musical artist, for a truly great artist will use only a truly great piano.

The choice of De Pachmann, the world's greatest pianist; Friedmann, the Mendelssohn Choir, the Schubert Choir, the People's Choral Union, and will be used exclusively by the great Sheffield Choir that is to appear shortly under the direction of Mr. A. E. Harriss.

The particular piano, used by the Prince of Wales, together with other art pianos, all making a distinct and exceptional display, will be on exhibit at the coming National Exposition in Toronto.

Ye Olde Firme of
Heintzman & Co.
Limited
115-117 King St. W. TORONTO, CAN.

Little thought he of the sorrow, Little thought he of the pain; Did he even wish to come back To this hunting field again? When these maidens, rising later, Found their favorite "buck hall" flown, Found that he did but deceive them All their smiles turned to a frown, So his whispered words meant nothing, (Nothing more than theirs to him) Vowed they never more would see him, Vowed his friendship to disown.

TOURIST.

LABICHE was once asked to support as a candidate for the Academy a certain literary mendicant, but hesitated for a long time and yielded only when he was told that if the ambitious author should

fail to be elected he would die of it. Failure, nevertheless, did come, and the following year, when a second vacancy occurred, Labiche's vote was once more solicited in the man's behalf. "No," shouted Labiche, in vehement indignation, "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not die."

MRS. RORER, of cook-book fame, tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least. "These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said, apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairymaid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

ONCE "Fingy" Connors presented his newspaper pass to the conductor of an Erie train. This person did not look to the conductor like "William J. Connors, proprietor of the Buffalo Courier," and he said so. Connors, heated, roared at him. At the next station the conductor wired to the proper authorities: "Man representing himself as William J. Connors presents Connors's pass. Think he is a fake. Looks like a prize-fighter and talks like a tough." Back came the answer: "That's him."

Nurse (announcing the expected) "Professor, it's a little boy. Professor (absent-mindedly)—Well, ask him what he wants.—Boston Transcript.

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks. Cook—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!—Town Topics.

19

LAST OF THE SEASON
\$11.00, Atlantic City and return
via Lehigh Valley R.R., Sept.
4th. Particulars 54 King St.
Toronto.

BOVRIL

is indispensable in the camp, and for all impromptu meals. Add a little BOVRIL to your canned meats and soups and note the difference.



BOVRIL sandwiches are nutritious and toothsome.



To enjoy to the full leisure on the water—

choose a fine day, pick pleasant companions, and protect yourself against the unwelcome attentions of black flies and insects generally, by using

CALVERT'S
20% Carbolic Soap.

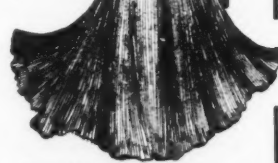
Purifying, refreshing and antiseptic.

30 cts. a tablet, at your Druggists, or by mail from W. C. Calvert & Co., 405 Broadway St., West Montreal. Write for booklet (free) describing this and other specialties.

Byrrh Wine

The best summer drink with ice and water.

Try it!



Bottled in Thuir, France, by VIOLET FRERES, Props. 104

TO LET

A few of those choice Suites in the **BELL-BERT APARTMENTS** on George St. near the Allen Gardens, and fifteen minutes' walk from corner of King and Yonge Sts. Apply to the Janitor on the premises, or to Mr. N. Dorenwend, 105 Yonge St.

THE NAME

COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES

SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

We Outfit Camping Parties

Provisions, Tents, Utensils, Blankets, Maps and Charts of Canoe Trips.

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West, Toronto



ANECDOTAL

IT is popularly supposed that bishops possess the power of self-control in a perfect degree, but sometimes the best of them disclose the fact that, after all, they are but men.

On one occasion a certain Lord Bishop, eloquent and saintly, whose name is almost a household word in England, was preaching at the opening of a new church, and for a few days stayed at a country house in the neighborhood. This bishop was excessively fond of a game of billiards, and could hold his own on the cloth against the majority of amateurs.

During this visit his Lordship played several quiet games with his host, but one morning had a prolonged run of bad luck, which so exasperated him that at last he entirely lost his temper, and in his rage snapped the cue in two across his knee.

This mad action seemed to bring the bishop to his senses, and with profuse regrets he apologized to his host for his conduct, declaring that he would not have had it happen for the world.

But the host coolly replied: "I must beg you my Lord, to think no more about the matter. I am really glad that it occurred, as for many years I have been wishing to see what a bishop was like when he wanted to use bad language."

APPLYING for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."

GENERAL HORACE PORTER was in rural Virginia the other day. He had to hire a "team" to be driven from one little town to another, and he chanced to be given a driver as black as the ace of clubs and as old as the surrounding hills. "What's your name, Uncle?" asked the General.

"Mah name's Thomas Jefferson, suh," was the answer.

"Indeed?" pursued the General, purely by way of making conversation. "That is a name that is pretty well known in this country."

"Wal, suh," answered the negro, "it sho' ought to be: Ah've been drivin' ober dis yer road ever since befo' de war."

BARON NELSON, the owner of the Kansas City Star, came to Washington a time ago to attend a dinner. Next morning he was observed looking at his trousers with curious regard in the lobby of the Willard Hotel.

"What is it, Baron?" asked a friend. "Why," said Nelson, "I appear to have put on my dress trousers this morning. Wait a moment until I go up and change them."

He went back to his room. The friend waited. Presently the Baron came down. "Looks to me," said the friend, "as if you have on the same trousers you wore when you were down here before."

The Baron made an examination and exploded. After considerable difficulty it was learned he went to his room, took off the trousers, laid them on his bed and at that exact moment, was called to the telephone. When he came from the phone he picked up the same trousers, put them on and came complacently downstairs.

A NEW story of Bethell's (Lord Westbury's) brutal wit is being told, says an English exchange. Bethell was conducting a case before Lord Justice Knight Bruce, whom he did not love and who did not love him. Knight Bruce was of Welsh extraction, and disliked any allusion to it; he was also a scholar and fond of quoting classical authors. Knight Bruce interrupted the argument with a classical quotation. Bethell's opponent was at that moment in conversation with his junior, and becoming aware that the Lord Justice had said something, looked up and said, "I did not catch his lordship's remark."

"Neither did I," said Bethell, "it was an observation couched, I believe in the Welsh language."

MR. WILLIAM EVILL, whose death at the age of eighty-seven is recorded by the Times, and who was probably the oldest member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, published not long ago a little volume entitled "Rambling Recollections of a Long and Busy Life," in which he tells many stories of eminent people whom he knew and of his early experiences as a railway engineer. In the latter connection he records his recollections of Clapham Junction in its early days, when an enterprising tavern-keeper put up the notice "Seats in the garden to view the trains." He records a story of Lady Suffield, of Gunton Park, Norfolk, who was so incensed by the introduction of railways into her domain that, although since the opening of the railway her letters arrived at seven in the morning instead of two in the afternoon, she would not allow them to be delivered at the hall until the old hour.

THE wives of men of sentiment often possess a vein of strong common sense, and a matter-of-fact nature which may at times serve to bring their poetical husbands down from their flights of fancy rather rudely.

Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful fancies to his wife, who listened with eyes cast down, and apparently absorbed in his words. As he finished and waited for her appreciation to express itself, she said quickly: "Don't put on those stockings tomorrow, dear. I must mend that hole in the left one."

One day, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate, they saw some playful lambs in a meadow.

"Ah," said Sir Walter, "tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!"

"They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce."

CHARACTERISTIC of the readiness of the Celt is a reply noted in "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville."

"I can not get over your nose," said a frank American woman to the Irish novelist, Colley Grattan, whose nose was flattened.

"No wonder you can't," he retorted, "for the bridge is broken."

A PHYSICIAN in a small town was distinguished for his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an e or an i. The lady smilingly replied, "Why doctor, my name is Hill."

IN spite of his reputation for taciturnity, Mr. John D. Rockefeller is said to dearly love a joke, and he has been telling of an amusing conversation he once heard between two Irish workmen who were discussing him and his wealth, quite unconscious that the object of their talk was within earshot.

"Do you know, Pat," asked one, "that that Rockefeller chap is the richest man in the world?"

"No, you don't say so?" replied Pat.

"It's the thruth, me bhoy, and ivery time that that clock ticks off a minute Mr. Rockefeller is one thousand dollars richer."

"Be jabbers!" exclaimed Pat, in great excitement, "git me an axe, Mike, and I'll smash that clock directly!"

AT seven o'clock in the morning an old gentleman, who happened to be abroad unusually early, came across a little newsboy, from whose small shoulders was suspended a well-filled bag of periodicals.

"Little boy," said the old gentleman, "grieving that one so young should bear a load so weighty, 'don't all those papers tire you?'"

The youngster winked a disrespectful eye.

"Bless yer, no sir!" he replied at once. "I never reads 'em!"

THE bandmaster on the little Plumpton pier had been a trifle dubious as to the ability of the new Scottish trombone-player he had just engaged, but the man himself seemed confident of success, and so he got the billet.

After the first performance the brawny Scot inquired if he had not acquitted himself in style.

"Well," said the conductor, "you've done pretty fair; but perhaps you'll do better tomorrow night."

The new-comer eyed him scornfully.

"Man," he replied, "ye ken the music is a' strange tae me as yet, an' I'm no jist shair o't; but you wait tae the morn's n'icht, an' I'll warrant ye'll hear ane o' thae bloomin' fiddlers a'!"

WHEN Slapdash Jones went home for the holidays, the first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned a pawnbroker's ticket he had inadvertently omitted to remove.

"Hallo! Ha, ha!" cried Slapdash. "They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith's dance, when I left it in the cloak-room. Eh—what?"

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. Unluckily, they too, bore a ticket.

"Why, Slapdash, dear," she exclaimed, "you surely didn't leave these in the cloak-room, too?"

THE Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea, and well-known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying:

"Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander, I know!"

They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him five pounds he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it.

The five pounds were at once forthcoming.

LORD HOUGHTON'S sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality. "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged, or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.

ON one of the week-end cruises the Hartford ran into Castine, Maine, where crowds of visitors boarded the ship. One old, grizzled farmer fell into the hands of a youngster from Montana. For the time being ventilators became torpedo tubes, those "sticks" up in the air were to hold up fog nets, the ropes were clothes lines, the engines ran by radium, and the Hartford was the fastest ship afloat. The old boy seemed deeply interested especially in the chute for getting overboard the legs and arms that might be adrift in action, and the valve for letting out whatever water might run into the ship. When he finally went over the side he was profuse in his thanks. Turning to his escort he drew out his card, on which was engraved: "Rear-Admiral, U.S.N., Retired," and said: "The old ship has changed since I commanded her!"

TWO stories are told of the time when the Athenaeum Club, while its club house was undergoing renovation, were hospitably taken in by the United Service Club. One was of a distinguished officer, who after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter: "That comes of letting those — bishops into the club!"

The counterblast is to the effect that when an Athenaeum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was: "Please, sir, he is in the dining-room, carving the roast beef."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Countess of Minto recently opened a bazaar at Simla, India, in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Miss Zaidee Boulton has returned to town and is staying with Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange.

Mr. George Beardmore is expected home from England at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Keating and their daughters are now settled in their beautiful new house on Elm Avenue, next to Mr. Osler.

The Scottish Agricultural Commission will be in Toronto, the guests of the Exhibition on September 1st and 2nd.

Mr. Mackenzie Alexander has just returned from abroad. Miss Jean Alexander and Mr. George Alexander are at the Wawa, on the Lake of Bays.

The Right Rev. Charles Scadding, Bishop of Oregon, who has just returned from the Pan Anglican Congress in England, was in Toronto this week.

Mrs. Coady has just returned from Atlantic City and has Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas as her guests just now. Miss Lena Coady has also returned home after a visit to Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Minnie MacMurrick to Mr. Philip Toller will take place next month.

Mrs. Edmund Bristol came up from Cobourg this week to meet Mr. Bristol, M.P., on his return from a trip to Arizona.

Some Torontonians in Montreal the past week were:—Mr. W. E. Green, Mr. H. B. Stocks, Mrs. A. K. Goodman, and Mr. J. P. Sheppard, also Mr. R. J. Mackay, of Hamilton.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is spending a week at St. Andrews, N.B., with his family.

The engagement is announced of Miss Wynifred Logan, London, to Mr. Frederic John Wolfe, Toronto, the marriage to take place quietly the early part of September.

Mrs. J. S. Dignam has returned from spending some time in Europe.

Miss Wallbridge, of Madison avenue, is visiting Mrs. Caldwell at her island on Lake Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hargraff are at Temagami for a short stay.

Miss Florence Crawford, who is having a most enjoyable summer in Europe, is at Geneva, Switzerland, just now.

Col. Sam Hughes, M.P., and Mrs. Hughes are at their summer-cottage on Cameron Lake, where Mrs. and Miss Burk are staying with them just now.

Mrs. Sterling Ryerson and her daughter are spending a couple of weeks in Muskoka. Miss Madeleine Walker is at Port Carling.

Miss Florence Somerville returned on Tuesday from Beaumaris, Muskoka.

Mr. Geracty left on Tuesday to spend a holiday in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Van Norman, Miss Van Norman and Mr. Clarence Van Norman, arrived in Montreal from Boston this week on their return from spending two months in England. They are now at their summer residence, "The Cedars," Keswick Park, Lake Simcoe.

The marriage of Miss Mae E. McDonald to Mr. J. Russell Smith, son of Major and Mrs. Smith, of Regina, will take place in September 3.

Dr. George W. Ross has returned to town after spending two months in England.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Kenrick, who have been staying with Mrs. John Boulton at Orillia, are now the guests of Mrs. Campbell at Longniss on the Georgian Bay.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha MacWain, Bowmanville, only daughter of the late J. E. MacWain, to Mr. William A. Quibell, Winnipeg, Dominion Commissioner of Police over the Trans-Continental Railroad. The wedding will take place during the latter part of September.

Miss Ruth McKibbin, Spadina avenue, is spending a few weeks at the summer home of Miss Clarice Fussell, Sans Souci, Georgian Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have returned home after having spent a month on Narragansett Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Langlois announce the engagement of their daughter, Hope, to Mr. Daniel Hermannus Andreat, of Haarlem, Holland. The marriage will take place in England early in September.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Marshall, Berlin, to Mr. Harold E. Tylor, manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Forest, will take place very quietly in St. John's Church, Berlin, early in September.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Trebilcock have returned from London, England, where they spent the winter, and will reside at 722 Spadina avenue.

Among the well-known visitors from the United States to the Highlands of Ontario, this summer, is Judge Kretzinger, of Chicago, who is accompanied by his wife, son and daughter. They are at the new Wawa Hotel, Norway Point, Lake of Bays district. The judge is a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted at 15 years of age. He is an excellent story teller, and has entertained his friends with many an interesting account of the stirring events of 1861-65. The Chicago Tribune, of Aug. 2, contains

the following with regard to his talented daughter: "Another amateur, of whom Chicago is especially proud, is Miss Clara Kretzinger, whose two paintings of last winter hang in the Paris salon now, and one of them with an honorable mention pinned in a corner. The success of Miss Kretzinger reads like the conventional story-book romance to those who look at things superficially. In reality, like everything else in the world worth while, it has come only after hard and continuous work. Miss Kretzinger has been studying for long months in Paris, and her art, which from the first showed promise, is now fulfilling everything that it hinted at before. The Paris papers, whose art critics are acknowledged to have rare discrimination, have every one of them mentioned her work with praise."

Miss Mary Mackid who, with her mother recently moved to New York, has just been awarded a cheque for one hundred dollars in connection with a competition arranged by one of the New York papers, to find a double for Miss Grace Lane, the pretty actress. Her Toronto friends will be very pleased to hear of the good luck of this dainty little girl, who was greatly admired while here, one of her last appearances being when she assisted at Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave's tea last spring, when an engagement to the son of the house was whispered.

The friends of Mr. Leonard W. Archer will regret to learn that he has been transferred by the Union Bank of Canada to their Leamington branch.

The engagement of Ruby B. Newcombe, daughter of Wm. Newcombe, Markham street, is announced to Mr. Ernest B. Fletcher, eldest son of Mr. B. Fletcher. The wedding will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hulme-Goodier, of Port Arthur, were in Toronto this week en route for home after a 10 months' visit in England. Mr. Goodier is organist of St. John's church, Port Arthur and a member of the Royal College of Organists, London, Eng.

Mrs. J. I. Hall, of Chicago, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Notman, 528 Euclid avenue, for a month, has gone on a two weeks' trip to Parry Sound, with Mr. Hall, who was in Toronto for a few days.

Miss Ada Smallpeice, of South Parkdale, has left for Kenora, Ont., on a visit to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wickson, of Winnipeg. After a short stay at Mr. Wickson's summer residence at Kenora, Miss Smallpeice will go on to Winnipeg, where she will stay for some weeks.

The Argonaut Rowing Club's dance takes place at 8.30 on Monday evening and the Island Aquatic Association's hop on Friday night next week.

Mr. Ryerson and Miss Laura Ryerson are staying with Mrs. W. C. Crowther in Muskoka.

Miss Margaret George and Mr. Arthur George are staying at Jackson's Point, where they recently gave a very enjoyable concert.

Miss Corlette is spending the summer at Orillia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodeve, of Ottawa, are spending the summer at Portland, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prescott and Miss Prescott have returned from the Arlington at Cobourg.

Dr. Mayberry and Dr. Adams, of Toronto, are staying at the Royal Muskoka on Lake Rosseau.

The Muskoka Lakes Association held its annual meeting at the Royal Muskoka last week.

Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Harold Huckvale have returned from Montreal, also Master John Noble.

When the King came to Canada. W. BRUCE ALLNUTT, who was a gun-room officer of H. M. S. Hero, that conveyed King Edward, then Prince of Wales to Canada in 1860, has sent to the English press some reminiscences of the voyage that will interest many Canadians. He shows how greatly travel has improved in half a century.

"On July 10th, 1860, the late Prince Consort brought the Prince of Wales on board the Hero in Plymouth Sound, when we were all presented to their Royal Highnesses, and then started on our voyage to Canada. At the mouth of the River St. Lawrence we grounded on a sand-bank, and had to remain there till the tide rose several hours later. We could not go higher up the river than Quebec; but the railways were all free to us, so most of us went to Montreal and Toronto. At Niagara, Blonfin wheeled his wife across the Falls in a wheelbarrow, and the Prince of Wales gave him, it is said, £100."

"The Prince stayed several weeks in Canada, and then proceeded to St. John's, Newfoundland." While there he was presented with a beautiful dog, which jumped overboard on our return voyage. In spite of a heavy sea, the lifeboat was lowered and the dog rescued.

"It took us six weeks to do the voyage to England, as all our patent fuel was exhausted, and we had long spells of calm weather. Our escort were the Ariadne and the Flying Fish. Captain Vansittart, of the Ariadne asked permission to stay some hours to catch some salmon for the Prince of Wales, and the Ariadne overtook us on the third day.

"The voyage home was somewhat monotonous, but we arranged dances and concerts, in which the Prince often joined. He was most kind and affable to everybody on board. One night, I remember, he inadvertently swung my hammock and woke me up, but he at once laughed it off in his pleasant way and expressed his regret.

"As we were so long overdue, several frigates were sent out to look for us. So ended a very happy voyage, one that I, even in my old age, very often think over."

SPEAKING of the effort in England to encourage ambidexterity, Sir James Crichton Browne says that it is an accomplishment usually found among the weak-minded. He does not believe in the attempt to teach ambidexterity.

Fame is a good showman—and a good many people are trying to steal it under the tent.—Life.

"Be good and let who will be great."

During July and August, we close daily at 5 p.m. Saturdays at 1 p.m.

New Fall Dress Materials

Quite a number of our Fall shipments are to hand, and still more are arriving every day. In our Dress Goods Section we have quite a large showing in stock, and as a number of our customers have been making enquiries for our new Fall goods, we hasten to bring them before your notice.

New suitings in worsteds and chevots in the very newest effects, stripes, checks and borders \$1.00 to \$3.50 a yard

French broadcloths in the new fall shades, mole, puce, peacock, olive, emerald, copper, loutre, etc., etc. \$1.50 to \$3.50 a yard

Cheviots and Herringbones in blue, green, brown, etc. \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 a yard

200 pieces of new French Delaines in spots, stripes, dresden effects and borders 35, 40, 45 and 50c. a yard

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Tenders for Mining Lease.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Mining Lease," will be received at the office of the Commission, 25 Toronto Street, Toronto, up to twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday the sixteenth day of September, 1908, for mining leases for 999 years of the following parcels:

PARCEL 1.—The Cobalt station grounds, comprising 13 acres, more or less, the right of way adjoining the station grounds to the south containing 1.15 acres, more or less, and the right of way to the north of the station grounds and comprising 2.88 acres, more or less, all as shown on plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 2.—The westerly portion of Lot 44 in the Township of Cobalt, containing 4.04 acres, more or less, as shown by another plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 3.—Lots 335, 338 and 339 in the Town site of Cobalt, including the mining rights under one-half the streets adjoining said lots.

An accepted cheque upon a chartered Bank of Canada, payable to the order of Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, for the amount of the cash bonus tendered for such lease must accompany each tender.

Forms of tender and of proposed leases (reserving a rental of \$1.00 per annum plus 25 per cent. of the gross value at the mouth of the mine of all ore mined) and full information and plans showing location of each parcel may be examined at the office of the Commission in Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

All tenders must be made on the form supplied by the Commission for the purpose, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering.

In case of each parcel the party whose tender is accepted will be required to promptly execute a lease in form satisfactory to the Commission, failing which his deposit will be absolutely forfeited to the Commission.

The cheques sent in by unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them.

The Commission does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. J. McGEE, Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 6th August, 1908.

Papers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid for it.

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Literary Good Taste

The Lack of it Deplored by W. D. Howells—The Cheap Rush of Stories in the Present Day.

GOOD taste is the element chiefly lacking in the literary output of to-day. It is this reason that leads Mr. Howells, who gives us the opinion, to compare the literature of his early day with that of the present, and find writers for to-day not up to the old standards. True sentiment, with which he claims a sympathy in spite of the fact that he is sometimes "charged with being a Puritan," is undergoing, he thinks, "a literary demoralization." Writers are indulging in a sentimentalism that consists in "a frank appeal to the bare emotions, the emotions that are unadorned." By this means they compel your curiosity, and attach your feelings, he explains, but when the story is finished, "it makes you feel as though you had been humbugged." In an interview published in the New York Times, Mr. Howells has these things to say—perhaps in defense of himself against those charges lately heard that his influence has chiefly tended to make our literature anemic. He says:

"The note in American literature has changed. When I was coming forward the Civil War was just over, and the whole country was stirred with an uplifting impulse. There was a unanimity of interest toward the wholesome and inspiring facts in life. Literature was occupied with adjusting the wounds, with healing the sensational outburst that human nature had so savagely displayed. The country was inspired with an ambition to be educated, to be pacified, to restore its people to a state of moral peace. There was then a deep sense of sincerity in the literary man's responsibilities, and a demand for a definite expression of sentiment and beauty in truth."

"It would be improper for me to specify the instances that are contrary to this spirit in modern literature, although I could. Generally speaking, there is a forced production of an unreadable material to-day that offends chiefly for its lack of good taste. There is not the same degree of care and sincerity behind the book that there used to be in American literature. A vast army of uneducated readers have been growing up in this country since I was coming forward, who may be quite as eager for good taste in their reading as their ancestors ever were, but somehow it is not to be found. The opportunity to the writer is greater to-day than it ever was. The field is tremendous, and the readers aspire to literary education just as much as the people did when I first came forward in my work. I can not believe that the American people do not appreciate the best when they can get it. No nation in the world appreciates more keenly the artist's sincere appeal to the beauty and truth of life than do the Americans, but in the interval that seems to exist between the literature of my early days and the books of to-day they are reading what they can get, squeezing the little essence they can find out of the pulp that is put before them."

There is much genius and skill in many of the short stories that are written, continues Mr. Howells, but "we have come to a period in our writings of quick impressions, curiously fascinating descriptions of types and dialects, of character-drawing done for the sake of an outward novelty in appearance rather than to indicate the eternal inward motives and experiences of human nature." He goes on to speak of "a rapid-fire art of telling, showing, suggesting the events of the hour" that monopolizes the magazine and newspaper literature. And in scrutinizing this, he observes, "one can almost see the joints where the writer, compelled to measure the distance from the beginning to the end of his job, has skillfully pieced it out to its trade requirements."

Further: "The impressionistic methods in modern American literature are exceptionally interesting, but their aim is too much in evidence, perhaps. I read half-way through a book agreeably under the spell of the author's sincerity of impulse; then suddenly he betrays his allegiance to truth, and finishes the rest of his story to meet the views of a modern pattern. There should be no fixed pattern in literature, only the invariable enthusiasm to adapt the beauty and truth there is in living. A writer must live before he can know what proportion of truth is worth telling in it, and because these young writers attempt to convey the meaning of profound mysteries in the psychology of life, as they do, it seems to me this is responsible for the false notes of sentimentalism and adventure that disturb the harmony of good taste in our literature."

Mr. Howells observes that in the short story one "so often" finds "a

brain study, or a gray day, or an impending tragedy," whereas—but after seeming to reconsider, he finishes off with: "Well, I suppose I'm an old fellow and I don't feel the ghostly quiver of life that young writers do in their first glimpse of its mysteries."

Dramatic Notes.

THE Royal Alexandra Theatre will reopen Saturday, Aug. 29, when the Imperial Opera Company returns for an engagement of thirty-two weeks. This organization created a favorable impression here in the spring and it comes back strengthened by the addition of at least three stars and improved in various ways. The newcomers are Miss Agnes Cain-Brown, Miss Louise LeBaron and George Tallman.

Miss Cain-Brown, the prima donna soprano, has sung prima donna roles in grand and light opera for several years. She has been identified with Henry W. Savage's companies and last season was prima donna of "The Alaskan," which Harry Girard wrote. In the spring she sang in grand opera at the Hippodrome in Cleveland, and later went to the Euclid Garden there, where she sang leading roles in light opera and musical comedies. She joined the Imperial Opera Company August 3, adding much strength and popularity to that organization. Miss LeBaron, the prima donna contralto, has sung leading contralto roles with the old Bostonians, Fritz Scheff and the Castle Square Company in Boston. She has a remarkable voice, her range being from low F to high C. Mr. Tallman, the celebrated tenor, scarcely needs an introduction to Toronto theatregoers. He has sung leading roles in both grand and light opera for fifteen years and is known all over Canada and the United States as one of the best tenors on the stage to-day. Most of the old favorites will return. Clarence Harvey, the leading comedian; Harry Girard, baritone; Hallen Mostyn, comedian; William Rothacker, basso; Jos. Cauto, tenor; Miss Violet Colby, soprano, and Miss Laura Butler, mezzo soprano, are still with the company. The Imperials' first offering will be a grand revival of "Robin Hood."

The entertainments provided on the open air stage at Scarborough Beach have been uniformly of high character, and for next week another good programme is presented. Reno and Smith, comedy acrobats, have been engaged for the flying trapeze work, and Prof. Riesel will give an interesting performance with his trained dogs and cats. Conductor Raven is continuing his daily programmes of classical musical selections, and the excellence of his concert band has surprised many new visitors during the week.

Monday matinee the Gayety Theatre, remodelled and refurnished to the extent of making it a practically new house, opens its doors with Clark's "Runaway Girls" Company. The place has been entirely redecorated and recarpeted notwithstanding that the inaugural performance was given a little over six months ago, and the theatregoers of this city will be surprised at the liberality of the management, which remains the same and promises a better line of attractions than last year. Daily matinees will be given, and on Friday night the Amateurs will be given an opportunity of displaying their ability. These contests met with great success last season. The prices will remain the same and as usual seats will be on sale two weeks in advance. The subscription books are now open and patrons may reserve the same seats for the entire season without any obligation to take them—all that is required is ample notice of their inability to attend.

Barney Gilmore will this year revive his former success, "Kidnapped in New York."

Meriden, Conn., now has a theatre named "The Merry Widow."

Mrs. Newlywed—Fred, dear, I have done you a great injustice. Mr. Newlywed—In what way? Mrs. Newlywed—Well, I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends that you go to the club with if you knew how to play poker, and every one of them thought a minute and said you didn't.—Chicago Daily News.

Old Lady—My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing about idling away my time? Boy—I ain't idling away my time! There's Mr. Hankinson inside making love to my sister, and he is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.—Chips.

"Suppose women should vote. What would be the result?" "Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, petulantly. "Perhaps we'd have hand-painted ballots."—Washington Star.

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In decorating a house, it is well to consider carefully, the ornamental aspects of the Fireplace—for the importance of an artistic Mantel cannot be too strongly emphasized.

It is a far cry, indeed, from the crude Fireplaces of the Middle Ages, to the magnificent Mantels of to-day.

The earliest records indicate that the original Fireplace was built wholly of masonry. A little later it was framed in carved wood. It was not, however, until the time of Louis XIII. that the Mantel really commenced to be a thing of beauty. From that date, to the present, it has undergone many variations of style, and now-a-days, it is quite possible to select for your Fireplace decorations, a style in keeping with any of the various architectural and decorative periods.

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The Penetang Regatta

The Annual Regatta and Fancy Dress Ball at the Penetanguishene Hotel was a Great Success.

SATURDAY, August 15, was a gala evening in the history of the Penetanguishene Hotel on the little bay of Pentanguishene on the Georgian Bay. Full of excitement from the stirring finishes of the regatta the guests flocked to the ball-room amid strains of the grand march, rendered by the Ewen Orchestra, of Buffalo. There was great applause among the guests as Miss Constance Mills, from Hamilton, appeared as a lady of the Victorian era. Again they applauded as Miss Barr appeared as a pig rose. Violet Mills, from Hamilton, received a hearty welcome as she paraded as a sun flower; Miss Florence Barr, Toronto, wandered in as Kate Greenway; Miss M. Anglin, of Toronto, came in as an old-fashioned girl; Miss I. Anglin looked sweet as a Red Cross nurse, while Miss B. Anglin, of Toronto, as Red Riding Hood, made the guests think of the oldtime story books. Mrs. DeBecker, from St. Louis, as the original Merry Widow, took the house by storm, while her friend, Mrs. Brenizer, also from St. Louis, looked stunning in a four o'clock tea gown; Miss Bessie Sobernheimer, from Philadelphia, made them all stare as the tambourine girl; Miss Phyllis Nordheimer, of Toronto, as a yeoman peasant; Miss Orien Dyer, St. Louis, as Madam Butterfly; Miss Hilda Rumpel, of Berlin, as a Swiss peasant; Miss M. Farrell, as a French peasant; Miss Nancy, of Detroit, as Dolly Varden; Miss Spohn, as a French peasant; Miss Enid Mornun, of Penetanguishene, as a shepherdess; Mrs. Thomas, Oakland, Md., as a trained nurse; Mrs. E. Watkins, of Hamilton, as a Japanese lady; Miss Clarkson, as Checkers; Miss Thompson, of Penetanguishene, as a German peasant; Miss Spohn, in a Spanish costume; Miss Weiner, St. Louis, Mo., as a summer girl; Miss Thompson, as a milkmaid; Mrs. Fred. Schilling, as a deep apple pie, looked quite tempting; Tom Fales, from Philadelphia, as the chef. Scotland was not forgotten, as Stanley Mills, from Hamilton, appeared as a Highlander. Dr. Weimer, from St. Louis, made a decided hit as a summer girl, and last but not least W. MacBrien, from Port Perry, appeared as a Dill pickle and looked extremely sour.

The judges decided that Miss Isabel Barr, from Toronto, as a pink rose, fairly deserved the prize, and Miss Constance Mills, from Hamilton, received second prize as the lady of the Victorian.

The hotel manager extended the time for dancing and at the conclusion of the dance Justice Anglin, from Toronto, assisted by Mr. C. H. Westwood, presented the prizes for the regatta and costumes. Justice Anglin made a very fitting speech, wishing all the contestants continued success throughout life. With cheers for Justice Anglin a successful ball was brought to a close.

The winners in the very successful regatta of the afternoon were as follows:

Ladies' double blade rowing: 1st, Miss Isabel Barr, Toronto, and Miss Constance Mills, Hamilton; 2nd, Miss Violet Mills, Hamilton, and Miss Flo Barr, Toronto.

Gentlemen's single blade rowing:

1st, Stanley Mills, Hamilton; 2nd, F. Orr, Toronto.

Partners' rowing race: 1st, Miss Marjory Murray and F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, Miss L. Orr, Toronto, and F. Schilling, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen's double blade rowing: 1st, E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo., and F. Baldwin, Toronto; 2nd, Teddy Grasset, Kingston, and F. Nordheimer, Toronto.

Ladies' double canoe: 1st, Miss Marjory Murray and Miss Lillian Orr, Toronto; 2nd, Miss Hilda Rumpel, Berlin, and Miss Sara Weiner, St. Louis.

Partner's canoe race: 1st, Miss Marjory Murray and F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, Miss Bessie Sobernheimer, Philadelphia, Pa., and Stanley Mills, Hamilton.

Gunwale canoe race: 1st, Stanley Kerr, Toronto; 2nd, F. Orr, Toronto.

Gentlemen's double canoe race: 1st, W. McBrien, Port Perry, and Tom Fales, Philadelphia; 2nd, F. Nordheimer, Toronto, and Stanley Mills, Hamilton.

Skirt and bonnet race: 1st, F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, Teddy Grasset, Kingston.

Tub race: 1st, F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, Teddy Grasset, Kingston.

Ladies' 25-yard dash, swimming: 1st, Miss Marjory Murray, Toronto; 2nd, Miss Lillian Orr, Toronto.

Gentlemen's 25-yard dash: 1st, F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen's 50-yard breast stroke: 1st, Teddy Grasset, Kingston; 2nd, W. DeBecker, St. Louis, Mo.

25-yards swimming on back: 1st, F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, T. Fales, Philadelphia, Pa.

Neat dive: 1st, E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo.; 2nd, T. Fales, Philadelphia, Pa.

Long dive: 1st, F. Orr, Toronto; 2nd, E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo.

Tilting: Tom Fales, Philadelphia, and W. McBrien, Port Perry, Ont., won the final bout.

Miss Marjory Murray won the ladies' championship prize, while F. Orr, Toronto, won the gentlemen's championship.

Judges: N. G. Hollister, Philadelphia, and C. H. Westwood, Toronto; starter: Wayne Lee, St. Louis, Mo.

The fancy dress costume prize was won by Miss Isabel Barr, Toronto, with Miss Constance Mills, Hamilton, Ont., second. Judges for costume, H. Waddie Hamilton, Dr. Pearson, Berlin, Ont.

The Penetanguishene baseball team play Midland on Wednesday, August 19.

ALGONQUIN PARK.

The passenger department of the Grand Trunk Railway System have just received the following letter from a prominent medical practitioner in Western Ontario:

"I have just returned from ten days' fishing at Algonquin Park. While there our party of five put up at the 'Highland Inn,' and we were all so well pleased at the accommodation that I think it my duty to drop you a line and acquaint you with the unanimous opinion of our party. I have travelled almost all over the world and I do not think with any exception that I ever received better or more courteous attention than at this delightful spot."

"I once spurned a bribe of \$100,000," said the orator, naturally evoking a round of applause. "Nay, friends, do not cheer," he continued. "It is the duty of all to be honest. Besides, the services demanded by the brazen scoundrel were worth double the money."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

ON Saturday afternoon, August 15, the Niagara Golf Club held its usual tea, which was as much enjoyed as ever by those present. A mixed foursome was played in the early part of the afternoon, the prizes being given by Mr. J. W. Randall (Mayor of the town), and won by Miss Florence Heward and Mr. G. N. Bernard, bringing in a score of 41. Mrs. Jackson poured tea, which was served on the lawn, and the young ladies of the club assisted. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Jackson, Mrs. and Miss Otis (Buffalo), Mrs. and Miss Bredin, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, (Swarthmore, Pa.), Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Randall, Miss Randall, Mrs. McGaw, Miss Gordon, Miss McGill, Miss E. Heward, Miss Ford, the Misses McGaw, Mrs. Muirhead, Mrs. T. H. Reade, Mr. Joe Healey, Mr. J. H. Burns, Mr. Bernard, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. Lewis, Miss M. Garrett, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. T. L. Gallagher, Mr. E. S. Ball (Toronto), Mr. Russell, Rev. A. H. Beavin (Pittsburg), Mr. A. H. W. Colquhoun, Mr. J. T. Clark (Toronto), Mr. Fenner and others.

The fourteenth annual tournament of the Niagara Golf Club will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27, 28 and 29, on the Fort George links. This promises to be as good, if not better, than those previously held, already many good players from Canada and the States having entered. The club are putting up a handsome trophy to take the place of the one won by Mr. Douglas Laird in 1906. The committees are sparing no pains in their efforts to make the tournament a great success.

The Misses Kingsmill have arrived in town and are the guests of Mrs. Syer.

Mr. A. H. W. Colquhoun and Mr. J. T. Clark (Toronto), spent the week-end in town, the guests of the Misses Colquhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd have arrived in town to spend a week or two.

Miss Kirkpatrick (Kingston), has returned home after spending a week or two in town, the guest of the Misses McGill.

The tea and putting contest Friday afternoon at the Queen's Royal Golf Club was as gay as ever, the prize being won by Mrs. Thompson. A few of those present were: Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Godfrey, Miss Miller, Miss Chrysler, the Misses McGill, Miss E. Heward, Miss Norah Moon, the Misses Duggan, Miss Clark, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Ingles, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Horne, Miss Eckelsley, Miss Bredin, Mrs. Gearey, Mrs. Conley, Mrs. Flora Garrett, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Grey, Mr. McRoberts, Mr. Gale, Mr. Howell, Mr. Clark, Mr. Cole, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Winnett Thompson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Gordon and others.

The dance Saturday evening in the Queen's Royal Casino was a very gay affair. The orchestra must indeed be congratulated on their excellent music. A few of those noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Hon. J. J. Foy and the Misses Foy, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Mann, the Misses



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Gilbey's Port "Invalid"—A light vintage wine, shipped from Oporto.

Sherry, "Natural Montilla"—A pale, nutty wine, very light in alcohol.

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STREETS.

"When Privilege is on Trial"

THE Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler, made some striking statements last Saturday (says Public Opinion), when he spoke in the Cambridge Senate House at the opening summer meeting of the University Extension Movement.

"I seem to see in this twentieth century, when the spirit of democracy is visibly destined to carry all before it, when privilege, in almost every shape, is suspected and put upon its trial, when every valley is being exalted and every mountain and hill made low—I seem to see that the universities are popular bodies. They awake no jealousies. In one great city after another they come to the birth; and crowds press to their cradle, to see, to gaze, and almost to worship.

"And, as regards the two old universities, there seems to be a growing belief that they are no longer, if once they were, exclusive; that they open wide their doors and their arms; that they have a mother's eye for the

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poor; that they have no favorites but the ablest and the best conducted, no contempt but for vulgarity and sloth and vice."

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Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have. —Boston Traveler.



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We recently made some large purchases in Constantinople and London at very exceptionally advantageous prices. The shipment will arrive soon, and when it arrives it must be paid for in cash. To secure the ready money in time, we have decided to slash prices in our present stock, and during the balance of the month of August we shall offer unparalleled bargains.

SOME AT HALF PRICE

During August we shall make the greatest price reductions we have ever made since we have been in business, for our stock is unusually large for this time of year. We need the money, and the extraordinary reductions prove our necessity. Here are a few examples of our cut prices:

20 Silk Prayer Rugs, regularly \$40 to \$65. August sale price, your choice for.....	\$25
65 Kazak Rugs, 7 ft. x 3 ft. 6 in. up to 8 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. regularly \$35 to \$48. August sale price, your choice.....	\$22.50
12 Extra Fine Kirmanshah Rugs, 6 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. up to 7 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in., regular price \$100 to \$150. Your choice, August sale.....	\$75
45 Persian Hall Strips, comprising beautiful antique pieces of camel's hair and Saraband strips, sizes 11 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in. to 13 ft. x 3 ft. 8 in.; very special, August price, each.....	\$35
35 Anatolian Prayer Rugs, very silky; special August price, each.....	\$15

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The Two Ambassadors.

(Continued from Page 9.)

you have so kindly vouchsafed to me—it might have been worth my while to have risked something to have got away. As it is, you may treat me as a harmless lunatic."

Stourton suddenly sprang up. He heard a familiar voice in the hall and a sound of footsteps. He unlocked the door, and almost immediately it was thrown open. Sir Charles entered. He addressed Stourton sharply.

"What infernal muddle is this?" he exclaimed. "Surely my instructions were clear enough? I have been waiting for you at Monsieur Camillon's."

"The explanation, sir, is there," Stourton answered, pointing to the further end of the room.

The Ambassador and the pseudo-Ambassador were face to face. Sir Charles gazed at his double in horrified silence. The latter, with a gently deprecating smile, appeared to be making a deliberate examination of the details of Sir Charles's dress and person.

"Heavens, sir! who are you?" Sir Charles exclaimed at last.

Stanmore waved his hand towards Stourton.

"This young gentleman will explain," he said suavely. "Forgive my close observation; I am always interested in these little studies of mine. I perceive that I have labelled you in one or two small details—the height and presence I could not hope to gain—I was obliged to remain seated; but it vexes me extremely that I should have parted my hair at least an inch too much to the left. Nevertheless, Sir Charles, I trust that you will not consider me altogether a caricature."

Sir Charles had regained his composure. He eyed him up and down grimly.

"On the contrary, sir," he said, "I congratulate you. The resemblance is at any rate close enough to warrant your acquaintance with a French prison. Now, Stourton."

Stourton explained rapidly. An immense relief came into the Ambassador's face as he delivered his message.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed

fervently. "I will go at once to Monsieur Camillon's, and take this effigy with me. No, I can't do that. We mustn't give ourselves away. Keep him under lock and key, Stourton, till the news is on the boulevards, and then kick him out. Work out your draft despatch and send Blount round with it. He will be here in half an hour."

Sir Charles hurried away. Stourton took his troublesome connection up to his own quarters, made him relinquish his wig and moustache, and brought him back to the study. He established himself in an easy chair, with a little sigh of relief.

"If one might venture to suggest a cup of coffee—" he remarked: "and—Sir Charles does not smoke. I do. I have been suffering for the last two hours."

Stourton ordered the coffee and threw him his cigarette-case. He made himself quite at home. When he had finished his work, Stourton rose and faced him sternly. Already the din on the boulevards had commenced.

"Stanmore," he said, "this is the second time you have tried to ruin me. Now it is my turn. What is to prevent my handing you over to the police? You are here under false pretences. In the eyes of the law you are a burglar."

Stanmore shook his head.

"My young friend," he said quietly, "you know very well that you cannot do it. You dare not admit that you were—pardon me—so easily deceived. Your Embassy would be the laughing-stock of your fellow-diplomats. Besides, the French police know me. They would examine the charge with perfect gravity—and release me!"

"If I let you go," Stourton said, "will you give me your word of honor to leave me alone in future? Try your tricks on someone else, if you will. I've had my share. I am fond of the Service, and I have had two narrow escapes—through you. Give me your word of honor that this shall be your last escapade where I am concerned, and you can go."

Stanmore shook his head gravely.

"My dear Stourton," he said, "believe me, in your own interests, I cannot do this. You are, I am pleased to say, a connection of mine,

and I am very much interested in your career.

The two—er—incidents to which you have referred have brightened you up amazingly. You have no idea how much you have improved already. If I were to give you that promise, you would relax your vigilance at once. No, no. It is much better as it is. Always be on your guard against me. I may turn up at any moment."

Stourton opened the door in silence. His uncle-in-law walked out.

Sir Charles asked Stourton to lunch with him next day. The Ambassador was in the nervous state of a man just recovering from an immense strain, and in the midst of a shower of congratulations there was one point on which he was particularly irritable. He alluded to it as soon as they were alone.

"I don't like these stories of enormous buying of English Consols and French Rentes just an hour before Camillon issued the news," he said. "They say that it was one man on both markets. They watch that sort of thing at Downing Street. I only hope they don't suspect a leakage."

Stourton answered Sir Charles's unspoken thought.

"I did not let him go," he said, "till the news was on the boulevards."

Sir Charles grunted and dismissed the subject. But it came into Stourton's mind again when at breakfast-time one morning, about a fortnight later, Esther, with a cry of delight, opened a large morocco case.

"Ronald! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Stourton was reading the note.

"My dear Niece—and Nephew-in-law—"

"I have always felt that my wedding present was a most inadequate offering, and I hope that you will allow me, now that Fortune has been more kind, to make atonement. I do not often speculate but I am thankful to say that my last venture was crowned with complete success.

"My best regards to your husband. I envy his luxurious quarters at the Place Diplomatique. The view from Sir Charles's library down the boulevard St. Antoine especially commends itself to me.

"Believe me, my dear Esther,

"Ever your affectionate Uncle."

Esther looked over her husband's shoulder.

"What does he mean, Ronald?" she asked, perplexed.

Stourton threw the note into the flames.

"I have not the least idea," he answered.

FALL HUNTING TRIPS.

With the early chill in the air, the advance agent of Fall is with us and the ardent sportsmen's thoughts turn to the delights of big and little game hunting. It is not too early to make plans for the hunting trip and no sportsman should overlook the claims of the splendid hunting country thrown open by the Canadian Pacific new Toronto-Sudbury line. Formerly only reached with arduous tramping and often the loss of valuable vacation days, the advantage of being able to alight from a luxurious sleeping car into the heart of the primeval wilderness is doubly appreciated. Intending hunters are invited to correspond with C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent of the C.P.R. at Toronto.

Willie—And so you quarrelled? Charlie—Yes; she sent back all my presents. And what do you suppose I did? Willie—Can't guess. Charlie—I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I'd known her.—The Gossip.

A tobacco for the man who smokes little and likes it good, as well as the man who smokes much and is a connoisseur.

CHOP CUT

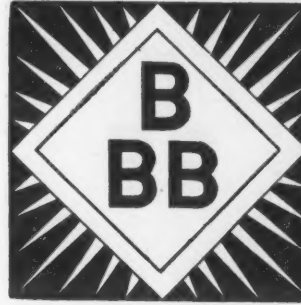
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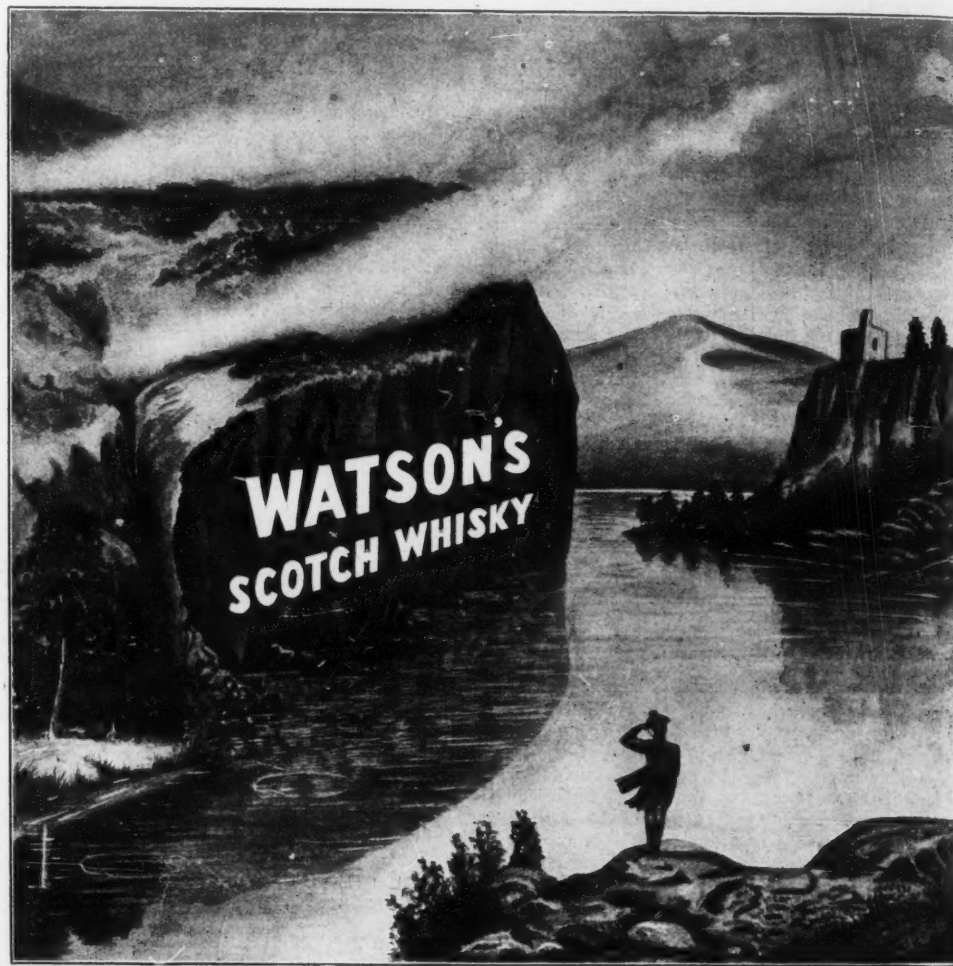
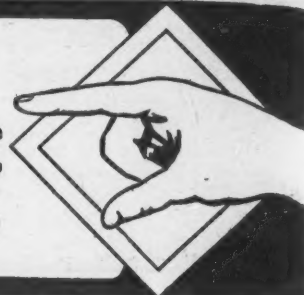
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GOING HUNTING THIS FALL?

Early to make plans? Not at all!

Season for small game opens in a few days, and for the big fellows—moose, deer, caribou—within a few weeks, none too long to get together and make arrangements.

Better investigate now the claims of the grand hunting country opened by the new Toronto-Sudbury line, reached for the first time by rail.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Correspondence invited.

C. B. FOSTER, District Passenger Agent, Toronto